

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



MC VITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

BRITISH SEA GULL

"The best Outboard Motor in the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET. Telephone: POOLE 818

Morny

OF REGENT ST · LONDON

FINE QUALITY SOAPS & BATH LUXURIES

=ABDULLA = MAKE THE BEST VIRGINIA CIGARETTES * *

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS



The Aristocrat
of Liqueurs



"Remember the Gift of the Prince."

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

RUFFINO

PONTASSIEVE FLORENCE
The Chianti
for discriminating palates!
BOTTLED ONLY IN ITALY
OBtainable from all high class wine merchants

By Appointment Cyder makers to
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI THE LATE QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd, Aitleborough & London

Gaymer's
CYDER

Preferred by people of good taste

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL LTD. INSURANCE CORPORATION
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

We're not going to talk about Barretter control or Automatic Vision Gain control or any of our technical advances. The important thing is this: here is a 14" T.V. receiver superbly designed and made by one of the world's greatest electrical and electronic organisations. This receiver is absolutely ready for the new stations (no costly circuit modifications later). It will give you a brilliant reliable picture now and for years to come. Invest in the wonderful present and the golden future of television. A fully descriptive publication BT2561 and the name of your nearest approved dealer is obtainable on request from The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

G.E.C.

14 INCH TELEVISION

BT1746 **65** gns. tax paid, or hire purchase

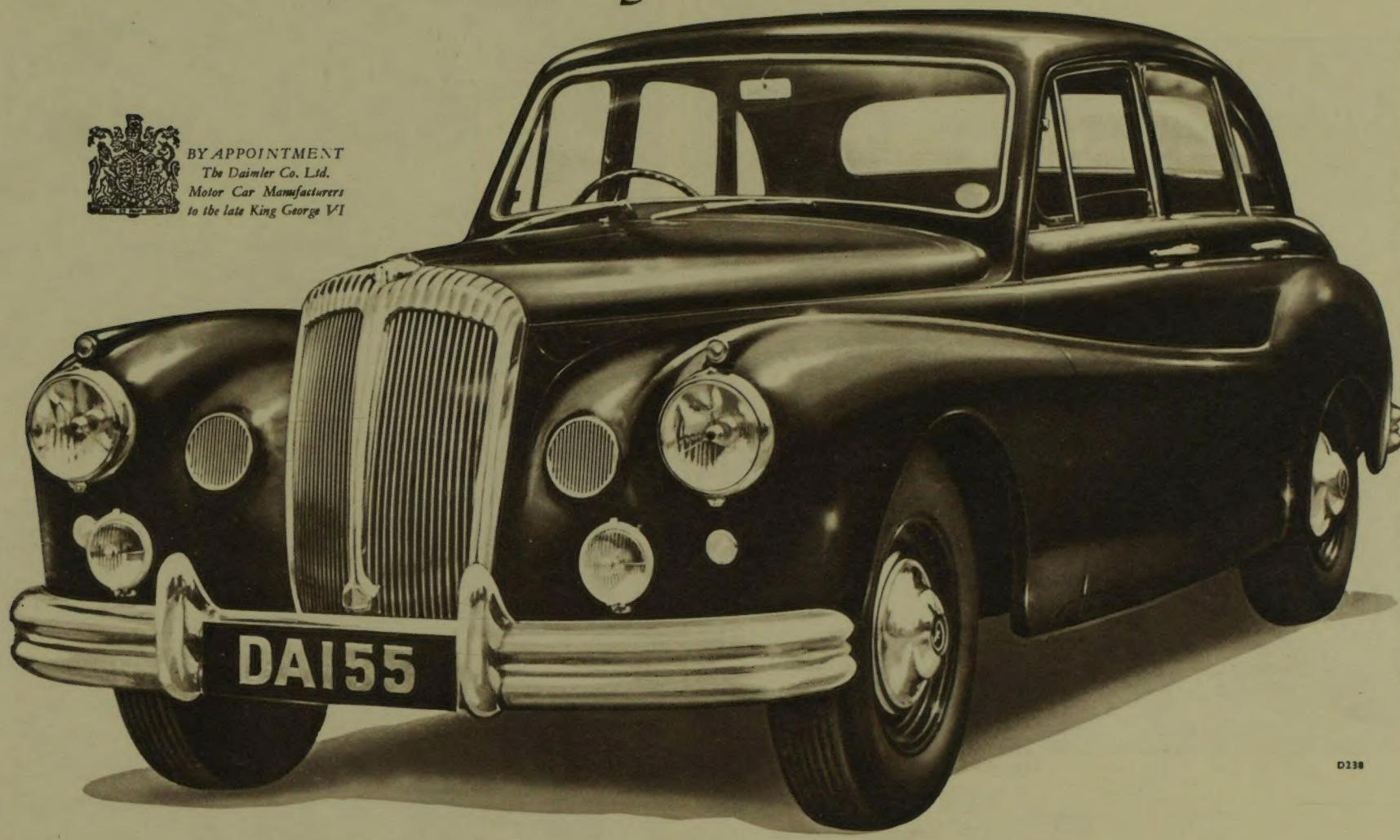


"You can't go wrong with G.E.C."
says Eamonn Andrews

An important introduction— a new big Daimler



BY APPOINTMENT
The Daimler Co. Ltd.
Motor Car Manufacturers
to the late King George VI



D238

the swift, immaculate new

DAIMLER REGENCY *Mk II*

FOR MEN OF AFFAIRS

MAKING ITS DEBUT at the Earls Court Motor Show this year is a car of exceptional character—the magnificent new Daimler Regency Mk. II. It is a new *big* Daimler, a superb car combining rare performance with a high degree of luxury. Spacious yet manœuvrable—dignified yet fast, the Regency is of infinite value to the busy man of affairs. It provides for five adults an extremely high standard of comfort in an atmosphere conducive to

either relaxed discussion or complete rest. But the Regency has elegance too, with gracious, though modern, lines. Like every Daimler, it handles with consummate ease, every detail of design combining with fluid flywheel transmission to produce a quality of motoring that is absolutely incomparable.

The Regency is available with either a $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre engine. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre gives a cruising speed of over 70 with a top speed of over 80 mph. The corresponding figures for the $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre model are 80 and 90 mph.

Not the least surprising feature of this car is the price. The inclusive figure, in spite of the category to which the Regency obviously belongs, is nevertheless no more than £2324. 9. 2 (with the $3\frac{1}{2}$ litre engine). Two other new, large Daimlers will be the $4\frac{1}{2}$ litre Sportsman saloon and the Daimler 'Regina' 7-seater limousine.

The Regency has the new Dunlop Tubeless Tyres fitted as standard equipment.

'Power with Prestige'

You're "going places" when you fly like this—



Lower-deck lounge—B.O.A.C. "Monarch" Stratocruiser

THE  **Monarch**

**between BRITAIN, U.S.A., CANADA
and now EGYPT**

Thrill to the luxury of travel royal—in four-engined, fully-pressurized *Stratocruiser* comfort and spaciousness. Enjoy delicious meals and mealtime drinks, brought to you with B.O.A.C.'s compliments . . . and service that makes the "Monarch" first choice among transatlantic travellers.

"Monarch" transatlantic flights every night. Also regular "Monarch" service from London to Cairo.

Transatlantic fares reduced from November 1st until March 31st.

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C. Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VIC 2323), 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAY 6611) or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool (see your Telephone Directory for details).

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

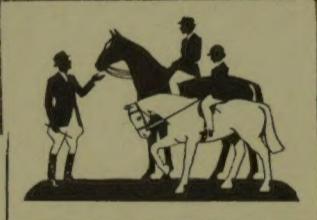
FLY BRITISH BY B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

* *Internationally Acclaimed*



Reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Peter Robeson and in co-operation with the International Equestrian Fund.



MR. Peter Robeson, distinguished member of Britain's Olympic team, in common with many other famous riders, chooses Harry Hall riding clothes and accessories. The impeccable workmanship and design of all these thoroughbred garments, tailored with understanding from materials of lasting quality, is famous the world over. The Harry Hall label marks all that is best, sartorially, for men, women and children who ride.

Better shops and stores everywhere offer a selection of Harry Hall thoroughbred riding clothes and accessories.

HARRY HALL

thoroughbred
riding clothes
and
accessories

235-237 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: REGent 6601



*"Do you think I might have a
little whisky instead: I should prefer
White Horse if you have it."*

TO EVERY DRIVER OF A NEW CAR

How to keep your engine in peak condition

WHEN you have invested a lot of money in buying a new car you don't want to see it deteriorate quickly. But while any amount of care and elbow-grease is spent on keeping body-work gleaming, many drivers neglect something far more important — care of the new engine.

If nothing is done about it, your engine will gradually accumulate a tenacious slate-like deposit on valve heads and cylinder-head surfaces. These harmful deposits cause loss of power and extravagant fuel consumption — until, before you know where you are, your 'new' car is approaching middle-age and needing an overhaul.

Maintain full compression with BP Super plus BP 08

THERE is a way of checking this build-up of deposits in your engine. BP Super petrol, with its new additive, BP 08, keeps valves, plugs and piston rings cleaner. Run a new car on BP Super plus BP 08, and the bulk of the products of combustion which might otherwise form deposits are passed harmlessly out through the exhaust.

Your new car will now behave like a new car for a much longer period. The lively performance, smooth running and instant starting, which the car was

designed to give you in the first place, it will now go on giving you over thousands of miles.

This is an insurance for which there are no extra premiums. BP Super plus BP 08 costs you not a penny more at the pump. It will cost you far less in the long run, because you get still more miles per shilling, and you won't need to take your car off the road for an overhaul so soon. With BP Super plus BP 08 you are protecting a valuable investment in a safe, easy and economical way.

Change up to BP Super
for peak power per piston



THORNYCROFT

at the

MOTOR SHOW (MARINE SECTION)
EARL'S COURT

October 20th-30th

on

STANDS 48 and 49

Our display will include:

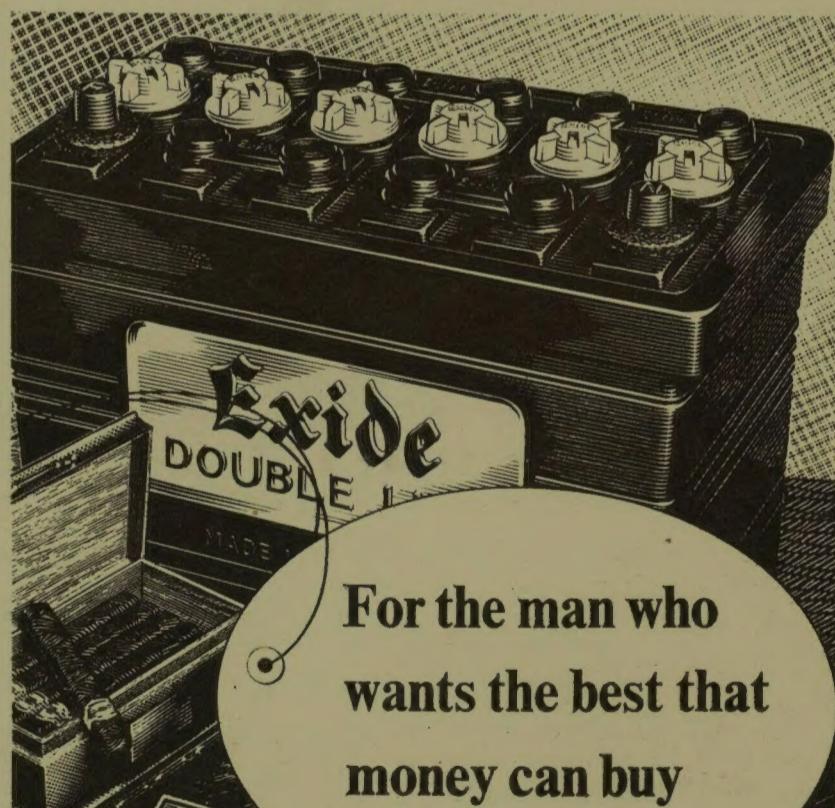
A 36-FT. SHALLOW DRAUGHT (TUNNEL STERN)
RIVER LAUNCH

and

DIESEL MARINE ENGINES

from our range of from 20 to
125 b.h.p. incorporating new and
interesting features

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO., LIMITED,
Thornycroft House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.



SLI.157E

This battery is designed and made for the private motorist who is willing to pay a little more for the best that money can buy. With it he gets an Exide guarantee which is unconditional and means what it says. Two years' service or a new 'Double-Life' battery free.

Exide
'DOUBLE-LIFE'
CAR BATTERIES

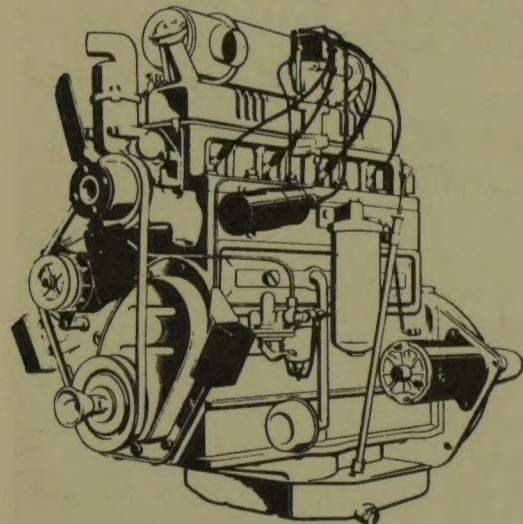
NOW... HIGHER TOP SPEED... FASTER ACCELERATION...

GREATER COMFORT



...the NEW *Sunbeam* MK.III

now with an 80 B.H.P. ENGINE



More Power Engineered from 2½ Litres

The 2267 cc engine of the Sunbeam Mark III has a completely new cylinder head with redesigned ports, larger inlet valves, a manifold hotspot and a higher compression ratio of 7.5 to 1.

A superb 80 b.h.p. engine powers the new Sunbeam Mark III. A lusty 2267 cc unit that gives higher top speed, livelier acceleration — yet better fuel economy than before!

There's new-style front seating too, an improved facia panel — and many more feature improvements. This great rally-bred champion, with its unrivalled background of competition successes, is now, more than ever, a car to judge behind the wheel. It takes you far with never a trace of fuss or strain. Steering is precise and finger-light. Road-holding a revelation. Stopping power immense.

You must see, you must drive, this new Sunbeam to judge its outstanding merit. Ask your dealer to arrange a trial run this week!

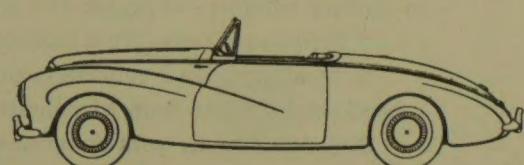
Overdrive is now available

as an extra on the Saloon and Convertible models, and as standard on the Alpine. Operates by a flick of the switch on the steering column. Gives a higher-than-top ratio for cruising at low engine revs. You use less petrol and get longer life from the engine.

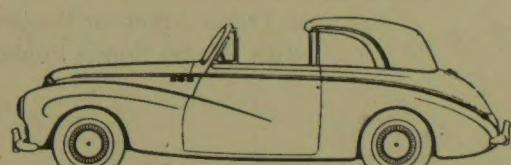


More Comfort and Ease at the Wheel

New-style front seating in the Sunbeam Mark III gives even greater comfort for the long journey. Beautifully upholstered throughout, with thick padded rests at centre and sides. On the new facia controls are neatly grouped — quickly to hand.



The 2½ Litre Sunbeam Alpine 2 Seater



The 2½ Litre Sunbeam Sports Convertible

THE CAR YOU JUDGE BEHIND THE WHEEL



FLY **BEA** TO
WINTER SPORTS

From fog and rain to sun and snow — skiing, skating, tobogganing, bobbing, tailing, curling. Too wonderful to waste any time on the way. And you don't if you fly. BEA adds extra days to your winter sports holiday. Speeds you there in carefree comfort — baggage and all.

Frequent services from London to 10 airports, in 8 countries; and week-end services from Manchester direct to Zurich; with convenient road/rail connexions. Fly BEA for the pick of Europe's winter sports resorts. Ask your Travel Agent for the new BEA Winter Sports Folder.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

SWITZERLAND

FRANCE

AUSTRIA

ITALY

GERMANY

NORWAY

SWEDEN

SPAIN



Triumph

» GOLD CUP «

TRIUMPH ODETTE PJ

one of the charming models with concealed figure support from the new TRIUMPH ODETTE RANGE.

Made in perlon, cup sizes A and B.

Triumph ODETTE PL Long Line Model

The special feature of all Odette Models lies in the fashionable accentuation of the bustline through the new natural-mould design with foam-soft padding in the cups. Made in elegant satin and diaphanous, delicate perlon taffeta.

Look for the Triumph show card in the window.

19 | 11

35 | 11

* THE CONNOISSEUR'S KUMMEL

MENTZENDORFF
Rummel

MADE FROM THE BLANCKENHAGEN FAMILY RECIPE, OVER 125 YEARS OLD.

MENTZENDORFF
Rummel

Sole Importers:
J. & W. NICHOLSON & CO. LTD., London.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

"How long will it keep good time?"

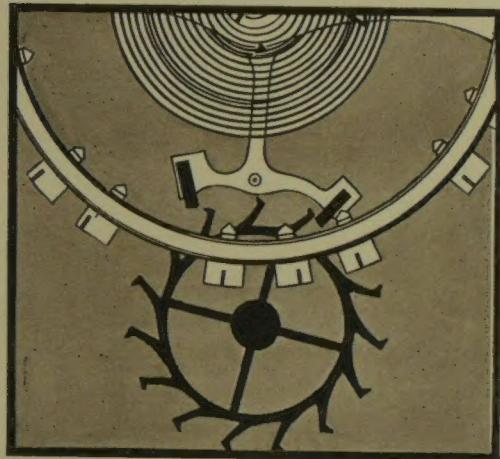


A QUALIFIED JEWELLER answers questions like that expertly and honestly. He's a trained specialist with a reputation to guard.

He'll explain that a good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch will keep exact time for many, many years. For with a jewelled-lever, made by craftsmen as superb as the Swiss, lasting accuracy is certain.

But he'll probably ask you to come back for a check-up after you've worn your watch a few weeks. For no two people use a watch alike. Yours may need a bit of adjustment to the life you lead.

Remember, a qualified jeweller isn't simply a salesman. His care for the watch he sells you will last as long as you own it.



THIS IS THE JEWELLED LEVER

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

*Your jeweller's knowledge
is your safeguard*

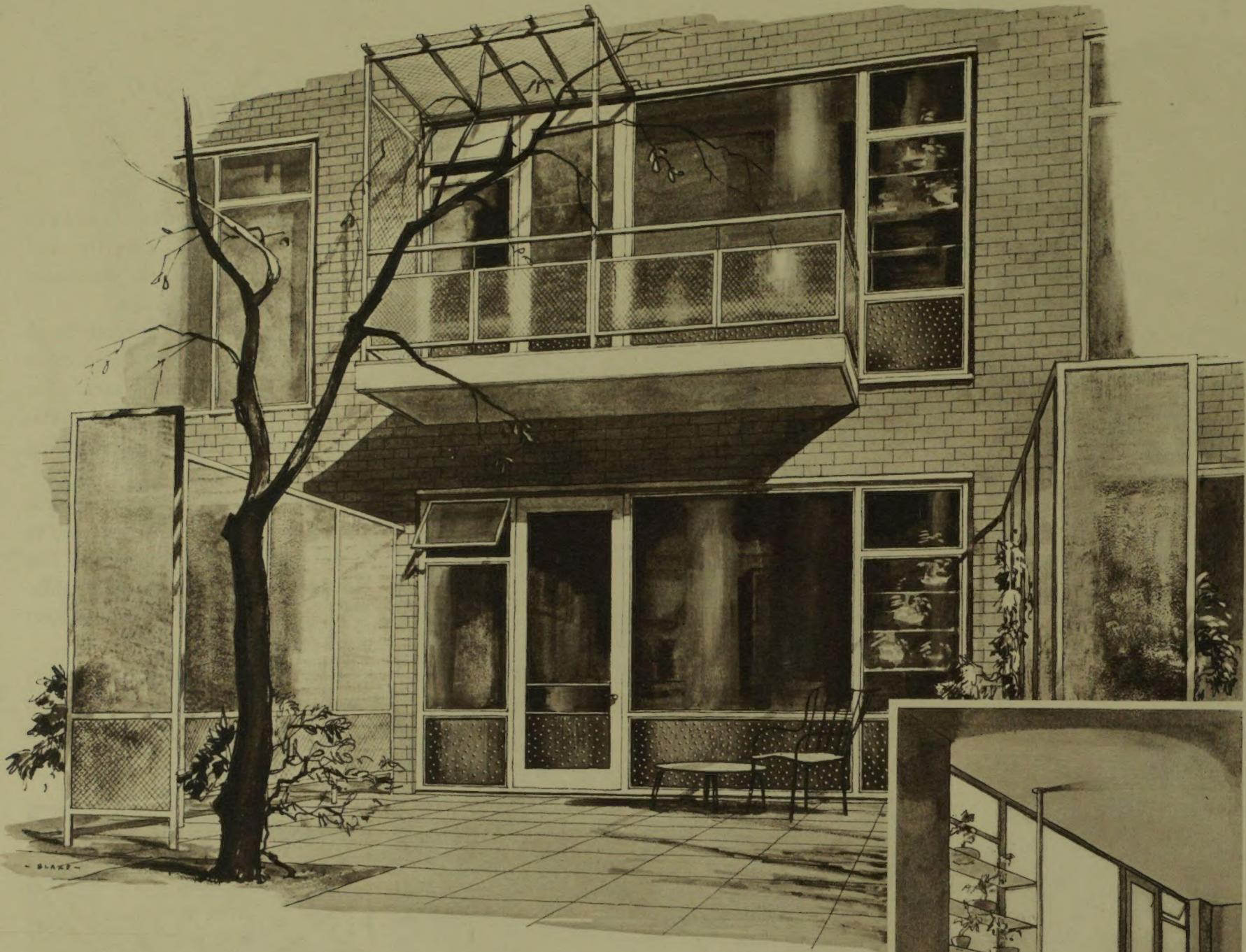


THE

WATCHMAKERS

OF

SWITZERLAND



Little Houses — lots of glass

Glass is being used with such brilliant success in so many conversion schemes that it's not surprising to find it figuring importantly as part of future building projects. For it can create amenities impossible without glass.

associated with the more expensive kinds of dwelling. (In simple fact, glass is a very cheap building material.) First Mr. Conder achieves a feeling of spaciousness and continuity between house and garden by giving the sitting room full-height windows and a glass door. All lower panels are of "Spotlyte" patterned glass to sparkle attractively in the morning sun, and the door has the added interest of a rich green "Signal" glass panel.

The link between building and garden is emphasised by the use of a framed rough-cast glass screen to make what is now virtually an out-door room. The neighbours can't see in, but the sunlight can — in short we have our privacy, but without the dinginess and poky, narrow look of town brick walls.

Here flowers can flourish and a family can sunbathe — or sit down to tea.

There is privacy again on the first-floor balcony, made of wired rough-cast glass with a wired glass canopy to protect the open door and the baby from a sudden shower. But perhaps the single, simple detail, which, more than any other, marks out this design as "contemporary", is the transformation of the side windows by a few rough-cast shelves into indoor conservatories.

There is almost no limit to the possibilities of building glass, nor to its variety of thicknesses, patterns, textures and degrees of obscuration. It is sound-absorbing, clean and agreeable to look at. When you consider building — consider glass.

Chance
GET UP TO DATE WITH GLASS

For fuller details or a discussion of your own problem, get in touch with

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED, GLASS WORKS, SMETHWICK 40, BIRMINGHAM. LONDON OFFICE: 28 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.1

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1954



THE STATE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA: H.I.M. HAILE SELASSIE, WHO WAS DUE TO ARRIVE IN LONDON ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, HAVING LEFT MALTA IN H.M.S. GAMBIA ON OCTOBER 8.

The Emperor of Ethiopia was due to arrive in England on October 14 in H.M.S. *Gambia*, in which he and his son, the Duke of Harar, and their suite, travelled from Malta to Portsmouth, where the Duke of Gloucester planned to meet them. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arranged to be at Victoria Station to greet the Royal visitors on their arrival there by special train. The Emperor is no stranger to this

country, as he spent the years of exile from 1936-40 at Bath, and on October 18 he is to go there for a civic reception, at which he will receive the Honorary Freedom of the City. The Emperor and his party left Addis Ababa by air on October 5 and arrived at Malta on the following day, where they were the guests of H.E. the Governor and Lady Laycock. Before leaving in H.M.S. *Gambia* they witnessed Fleet exercises from the deck of the cruiser.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IF I were asked to name in a single word the dominant ideal of the English people as revealed by their history—I am not speaking of the Scots or the Welsh or the Irish, though the answer might be the same—I should reply, Justice. I do not mean by this that the English have been particularly just in their dealings either with themselves or others, for this would not be true. What I mean is that justice has been the ideal that, by and large, they have tried, however unsuccessfully, to pursue. What exactly justice is is always hard to define, but it is, at any rate, the opposite of injustice. And injustice is not very hard to recognise when one encounters it. Sometimes, indeed, it is so glaring that it is impossible not to recognise it. And when the other day the newspapers told us how a forty-nine-year-old toolmaker had hanged himself in a shed on land which he had bought for £400, and which the local council had compulsorily purchased from him for £65—little more than the sum he had contracted to pay annually to meet the interest and redemption charges on the mortgage—we all of us immediately felt that an act of injustice had been done. A poor man had apparently been robbed under English law of what, by any standard of real justice, was manifestly his; had been ruined by that robbery and driven by it to temporary insanity and the grave.

The man's name was Edward Pilgrim. He was what is called a working-man and earned about £11 a week. He lived in a bungalow, and to secure some quiet and privacy for his home had purchased at what seems to have been the fair market price a plot of land adjoining it. Then the Romford Borough Council stepped in and used the powers given it by the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, to acquire the land from him at about an eighth of the price he had paid for it. There seems no question but that the local council was acting strictly within its legal and statutory rights.

There is nothing, perhaps, very remarkable about all this. There have been many Acts of Parliament in British history which have resulted in unintended injustice. Those who passed them have seldom, if ever, behaved with conscious injustice; they have merely been blind, at the time of passing them, to some particular consequence of the Act or to some particular aspect of justice. Yet in this country, because of its continuing belief in justice as an end in itself, Acts of Parliament that have resulted in injustice have

been nearly always ultimately amended or repealed, and this particular one, as the Minister of Health has reminded the country, has been revised by the present Government. In many cases the reason for this has been that individual English men and women have felt so strongly about some resultant injustice that befell them or others that they have been prepared to go, and have gone, to extremities to protest against that injustice. Men have gone to prison or exile or even to the scaffold or the grave to make their hatred of injustice known. And sometimes when they have done so, the effect on the mind of their countrymen has been like a flame. A conflagration has been lit which has only been extinguished when the injustice that was its cause has been righted. So I believe it may be with the death of the poor, unfortunate man, Edward Pilgrim. We know, and have been told by authority, that had he received better advice, his tragedy might have been averted. We know, too, that it is wrong for a man to take his own life, and that the Law regards it as a crime. Yet there are some things that Englishmen believe to be more important than either life or law, and justice is one of them. Edward Pilgrim was the victim of an unintentional but very grave injustice—an injustice that in other forms many beside himself have suffered and are suffering. It was an injustice from which there appeared to him to be no redress. Even the Local Authority that had committed it was unable, apparently, owing to a technical failure on the victim's part, to undo it, and, when it appealed to the all-powerful Government Department that administered the Act under which that injustice had been done, was informed—apparently correctly—that no redress was now possible. Edward Pilgrim was a poor, obscure man without influence or knowledge of official machinery. He had been ruined—by law. By dying as he did, he made what had happened

apparent, not merely to the little circle of his acquaintances, but to the whole nation. He could, it seems, have made it so in no other way. And as a result of his tragic death it may be that what was unjust in the Law—for I did not feel that the Minister's explanation of what had occurred was wholly reassuring—may be rendered more just.

Justice, of course, is primarily a matter of balance. It is an equating of one man's rights against another's: of those, too, of the individual against those of the community. But—and this is the essence of both the Christian and the English ideal of justice (for the second is founded on the first)—its ultimate concern is always the individual, for it is the individual, with his capacity for feeling, for suffering, for conscience, who is the real object of justice. In doing justice between the individual and the community, therefore, great care must always be taken not to overstress the rights and claims of the latter and to inflict injustice as a result on an actual, and therefore, living and suffering individual, in the name of an abstraction which neither feels nor suffers. This is the first of the cardinal errors into which our generation has fallen: the enthronement of an abstraction—the State—at the expense of humanity, common sense and fair play. For bureaucratic notions of what is right in dealing with individuals whose interests conflict with State or Departmental policy are all too frequently divorced, as we are coming to realise, from humanity, common sense and fair play. The major responsibility for such bureaucratic inhumanity lies, of course, at the door of the Legislature and, ultimately, of course, at that of the electorate, which, as a result of a reaction against the excesses of unrestrained nineteenth-century economic individualism, has invested the corporate and abstract idea of society and of socialist ownership with an infallibility and virtue which it only too manifestly does not possess. A State in its actions is no juster or more humane than the individual official who acts in its name; often it is less so, for the State by its preconceived judgments may have restrained the individual from acting according to his natural sense of judgment and conscience.

There is another modern fallacy that has proved, and is proving, a cause of injustice and that lay at the root of the Romford tragedy. It is the belief that owners of real property are not entitled to the same elementary rights as owners of other forms of property. It is a cardinal principle both of our law and of our

notions of right and wrong that a man should not be forcibly deprived of what he has earned, created or inherited, except under some general principle of equity enforced by common law. To apply one fiscal law to one man and another to his neighbour is repugnant to our notions of justice. Yet this is exactly what we now do in the case of owners of real property. We do not give the State power to purchase or requisition a man's stocks and shares without an equivalent compensation. But we do allow the State or Local Authority the right to take a man's house or land from him without paying a fair price for it. To the extent that the price paid in statutory compensation for requisitioned property falls below the market price, confiscation occurs. Out of false notions of humanity—arising again from injustices inherent in the older relationship between landlord and tenant—owners of real property have had valuable rights that belonged to them transferred by statute to others, either to individuals or to corporations, without receiving adequate compensation or, in some cases, any compensation at all. Something of the kind was probably bound to happen where so much legislation was enacted in so short a space of time as in the social revolution of the past two decades. What is now needed, as I see it, is some permanent parliamentary revising body to review all legislation in the light both of its practical operation and of the general principles of justice and equality of treatment, and to recommend its revision to Parliament. That a man who has committed no crime should be deprived without compensation of part—and sometimes a very large part—of his capital merely because it happens to be in houses or land while his neighbours are allowed to retain the whole of theirs is something that a legislature comprised of honest and representative English men and women could clearly never have intended.

LONDON'S PROPOSED HELICOPTER STATION.



SUPERIMPOSED ON AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH: MR. H. OWEN LUDE'S DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED NEW HUNGERFORD BRIDGE, WITH THE HELICOPTER LANDING STATION WHICH WOULD BE KNOWN AS CENTRAL LONDON HELIPORT. On October 6 Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, chairman of British European Airways, signed a contract with Westland Aircraft to buy two Westland-Sikorsky S55 helicopters with which the Corporation plan to open a service between London Airport and the South Bank site about April 1 next. At the Festival Hall from October 14 to 21, plans and photographs of a proposed helicopter landing station on a rebuilt Hungerford Bridge, spanning the Thames between Waterloo and Charing Cross, were to be shown at an exhibition of the Lambeth Civic Society. A young architect and a member of the executive committee of the Lambeth Civic Society, Mr. H. Owen Luder, has prepared a detailed scheme and report on the proposed use of Hungerford Bridge, when it is rebuilt, as a helicopter landing station. The bridge would be rebuilt as envisaged under the Development Plan for London as a road bridge, and Charing Cross railway station abolished. It is suggested that the design and construction of a temporary helicopter landing platform for experimental purposes over Blackfriars Bridge should be begun immediately and, within fifteen to twenty years, making use of this earlier experience, a permanent station would be constructed over the new Hungerford Bridge. This would be linked with a chain of suburban "heliports," on which the helicopters would be based. Lord Douglas said that he did not think that there could be a national helicopter network for "about ten years."



MISS PAT SMYTHE, ON *TOSCA*, CLEARING A JUMP IN THE OVERTURE NATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION, IN WHICH SHE TIED FOR THIRD PLACE.



WINNER OF THE VICTOR LUDORUM INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE SUNDAY GRAPHIC CUP: MISS PAT SMYTHE, ON *PRINCE HAL*, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM MISS M. BERRY.



MR. D. BEARD ON *COSTA* TAKING A JUMP IN THE OVERTURE NATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION, WHICH HE WON FROM MISS S. POWELL ON *WINSTON C.*



MRS. P. E. BLACKMORE PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO MISS M. BARNES, ON *MUNDEN MAGPIE*, AND MR. T. MAKIN, ON *BALLY DOYLE PRINCE*, THE LEADING JUVENILE JUMPERS OF THE YEAR.



DREAM BOAT, RIDDEN BY MISS F. STANBURY, TAKING THE LAST JUMP IN FINE STYLE TO WIN THE *EVENING STANDARD FOXHUNTER* JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP.



MR. ALAN OLIVER, ON *PLANET*, WHO WON THE GORDON RICHARDS INTERNATIONAL JUMPING STAKES, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM SIR GORDON HIMSELF.



WINNER OF THE HORSE AND HOUND CUP, THE FINAL NATIONAL JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE YEAR: MR. D. KENT, ON *BANHA*, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM LADY NOTT-BOWER.



THE LEADING SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR: MISS D. PALETHORPE ON *EARLSRATH RAMBLER*, RECEIVING THE JOROCKS CUP FROM MRS. M. P. ANSELL AFTER HER EXCITING VICTORY.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, ONE OF THE JUDGES, PRESENTING THE CUP TO MRS. A. C. LEGGATT, ON *DANNY BOY III*, WINNER OF THE LONSDALE MEMORIAL STAKES.

The Horse of the Year Show at Harringay, which was only initiated in 1949, is now firmly established in importance and popularity: and this year some splendid performances were put up by the winners of the various jumping events. Miss Pat Smythe carried off the Victor Ludorum international championship for the *Sunday Graphic* Cup on *Prince Hal*; and also won the British Show Jumping Spurs for gaining most points in national jumping competitions on one horse. Mr. Alan Oliver put up a remarkable performance on Mr. Payne's *Planet* to win

the Gordon Richards Stakes, an international speed competition in steeplechasing pace, with a total of 54'2-5th secs. Although the jumping forms the chief feature of the Show, many other notable events are presented in its programmes. The Quadrille by riders of the Swiss Cavalry School was a remarkably beautiful display. Nothing could be more decorative than the appearance of the team in the eighteenth-century uniform of the Berne Dragoons, with saddles which are still in use at the Spanish School of Vienna, going through their skilful performance.



WITH THE ITALIAN TRICOLOR AGAIN FLYING FROM THE CITY HALL, A CHEERING CROWD IN THE SQUARE BELOW, AT TRIESTE, GREETES THE NEWS OF THE TRIESTE AGREEMENT.



ANNOUNCING THE NEWS OF THE SIGNING OF THE TRIESTE AGREEMENT: THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER, SIGNOR SCELBA (BELOW THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE AND HOLDING A PAPER), ADDRESSES THE STANDING SENATORS.



REJOICING AT THE NEWS THAT TRIESTE SHOULD RETURN TO ITALY: STUDENTS PARADING THROUGH THE STREETS OF TRIESTE CARRYING FLAGS.



PREPARING TO LEAVE TRIESTE: MEN OF THE 1ST BN, THE LOYAL REGIMENT, PACKING AN ANTI-TANK GUN ON A RAILWAY FREIGHT CAR AT TRIESTE STATION. BRITISH EVACUATION OF THE CITY WAS DUE TO BEGIN ON OCT. 14.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH GATHERED IN THE PIAZZA DELL'UNITÀ, TRIESTE, TO WATCH THE RAISING OF THE ITALIAN FLAG OVER THE CITY HALL OF TRIESTE.



GETTING READY FOR THE BRITISH EVACUATION OF TRIESTE: MEN OF THE 1ST BN, THE LOYAL REGIMENT AND THE 2ND BN, THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, PREPARING CARRIERS FOR LOADING AT THE RAILWAY STATION.



ITALIANS PREPARING FOR THE EVACUATION OF CREVATINI, ONE OF THE VILLAGES CEDED TO YUGOSLAVIA UNDER THE TRIESTE AGREEMENT. THE MAJORITY OF THE VILLAGERS WORK IN TRIESTE.

On October 5 a *de facto* agreement on the status of Trieste and its environs was initialled in London by the Yugoslav and Italian Ambassadors, Mr. Velebit and Signor Brošić and by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Thompson on behalf of the British and U.S. Governments respectively. Under this agreement: Trieste and the former Zone A go to Italy and Zone B with a slight border adjustment in the Yugoslav direction; the British and American troops are being withdrawn from Trieste and Zone A and Italy has undertaken to maintain Trieste as a free port, with no Customs duties levied

THE LONG-AWAITED TRIESTE AGREEMENT: REJOICING IN THE CITY, AND ANGLO-AMERICAN PREPARATIONS FOR EVACUATION.



THE INITIALLING OF THE TRIESTE AGREEMENT IN LONDON: (LEFT TO RIGHT, AT THE TABLE) MR. VELEBIT (THE YUGOSLAV AMBASSADOR), MR. THOMPSON (U.S. HIGH COMMISSIONER IN VIENNA), MR. G. HARRISON (ASST. UNDER-SECRETARY, FOREIGN OFFICE) AND SIGNOR BROŠIĆ (ITALIAN AMBASSADOR).



THE FIRST ALLIED TROOPS TO LEAVE TRIESTE: THE U.S. COLONEL COMMANDING THE FIRST CONVOY TO EVACUATE THE CITY (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH AN INFANTRY COMMANDER, ON LEAVING FOR LIVORNO.



LOADING UP HOUSEHOLD GOODS IN A VILLAGE WHICH WILL NOW BECOME YUGOSLAV TERRITORY. THE AGREEMENT PROVIDES FOR FREE MIGRATION DURING TWELVE MONTHS.

minorities in their own territories, no territories to be dispossessed, no change of race and creeds, and to be both large and when the minority is at least a quarter of the total. The news of the agreement was received with rejoicing in Italy and calm in Yugoslavia. In Trieste itself the news was received with satisfaction and some



THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT, SIGNOR EINAUDI (CENTRE), PRESENTING TO CIVIC REPRESENTATIVES OF TRIESTE AN ITALIAN TRICOLOR TO BE FLOWN FROM THE TOWER OF SAN GIUSTO, TRIESTE.



AN ELDERLY ITALIAN, HOLDING HIS NATIONAL TRICOLOR AS HE LEFT BY BULLOCK CART THE SMALL TOWN OF CREVATINI, WHICH LIES IN THE AREA CEDED TO YUGOSLAVIA.



ARRIVING TO TAKE OVER THE TRIESTE ADMINISTRATION: THE ITALIAN MAJOR-GENERAL DE RENZI (CENTRE) WITH MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN WINTERTON (RIGHT) AND GENERAL DARREY (LEFT), COMMANDER OF THE U.S. TROOPS IN TRIESTE.

parades, mainly of students; and there were holiday rejoicings among the inhabitants of the former Zone B. On October 6, Major-General de Renzi arrived in Trieste to take over the administration of the city pending the appointment of the civil administration. He was greeted by Major-General Sir John Winterton, the British Commander of the British-American forces in Zone B, and these forces were putting into action their plans for evacuation and the first U.S. lorry column left on October 8. The first British troops were expected to leave on October 14.

"A LIFE HITCHED TO A STAR"—NAPOLEON LE PETIT.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SECOND EMPIRE"; By J. M. THOMPSON, F.B.A., F.R.Hist.S.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

NO new "facts" about the public or private life of Napoleon the Third are likely to come to light. He had none of the qualities—or, rather, none of them sufficiently, or constantly—which have, for generations, made his uncle an object of hero-worship, even to people who would not have forgiven murder, theft, and callousness to anybody who lacked the surpassing intellect, and audacity, and tremendous, if transient, "success" of Napoleon I. Even the most self-deceiving of romantic novelists or film-script writers could hardly make of "Napoleon le Petit" a romantic figure; not even a Great Lover. He certainly married one of the most beautiful women in Europe, a Hispano-Scot, because, he thought, she would "fill the bill" as an Empress; she married him for precisely the same reason. He was mechanically unfaithful, going from woman to woman in a drifting, casual, heavy-lidded way; but she was dead set on restoring Empire and Glory. So was he. He was a Napoleon. He believed, as his uncle had believed, that what France needed was a Cæsar. The old trite remark from Cæsar's "Commentaries" is that "All Gaul is divided into Three Parts." Ever since the French Revolution, which has determined all our history for nearly 200 years, broke out, "All Gaul" has been divided into far more than "Three Parts." The difficulty has been to get Gaul together.

That he temporarily went very near it was—though it's hardly suitable for cinematic treatment—Louis Napoleon's great achievement. "If," says Mr. Thompson, "Louis Napoleon had not been there in 1848 to claim the Bonapartist succession—and the only one of his family fit to do so—the Party of Order might have succumbed, and a period of anarchy might have been followed by another posthumous Monarchy or another premature Republic. So much seemed clear; but I had no fixed idea either of the developments of French public opinion after 1848, or of the part played by Louis himself during the eighteen years of his ascendancy. I have tried to present the evidence under both these heads, as it came to me, and without any wish to force conclusions upon the reader. The historian cannot remain unopinioned, but he always hopes for readers who will form their own views: he is a judge instructing a jury: the verdict is theirs."

These sentences give a clue to both the nature and the tone of the book. The author's attitude is always judicious and fair; and his attention is mainly directed towards the political aspects of his subject. Those who wish for one more glittering account, on familiar lines, of the Second Empire as an orgy of extravagance, gambling, speculation, vulgar dissipation and hectic gaiety, will have to look elsewhere for it: there is not the barest mention even of harmless Offenbach's name. Nor does the author succumb to any temptation to denounce the central figure, either for his dodges or for his final collapse. He glories over nothing, but always puts up a fair case for a ruler who, after all, for most of his reign made the country which he honestly desired to serve successful abroad and prosperous at home. He is all the more impressive therefore when he does come down firmly in condemnation. The most notable occasion for this is his conduct in December 1851, when, tired of being a constitutional President, he abolished the Constitution as a preliminary step to his objective—an Imperial throne. There was a rising of "reds" in Paris and sporadic "incidents" elsewhere. Louis, says Mr. Thompson, allowed himself to be unduly alarmed by these disturbances in a country which, by a later vote, showed that it was still overwhelmingly behind him. "He should have relied on the long-standing feud between the countryside and the towns, and between the provinces and

Paris, to carry him over the crisis. Instead, he let himself be persuaded to allow the arrest of some 27,000 'republicans and socialists' all over the country, and to set up (in addition to the courts-

martial which condemned so many Parisians to death) departmental committees of three with power to determine, *in absentia*, without witnesses or appeal, the fate of thousands who might have nothing against them but a local reputation for 'dangerous' opinions. In this arbitrary way, of the 26,884 prisoners (these are the official figures) more than 9500 were transported to Algeria, and 239 of the 'worst cases' to Cayenne; 3000 were 'interned' away from their homes, and more than 1500 expelled from the country. Too late to remedy the scandal, Louis had the sentences revised, and pardoned 3000-4000 victims of this national 'purge'.... This brutal and indiscriminate proscription—indiscriminate because including so many innocent victims of local suspicion or dislike—was never forgotten or forgiven. Not even by Louis himself: for at the end of her life the Empress Eugénie told a friend: "My husband and I often discussed this painful question. One day, seeing him plunged in gloomy thoughts, and guessing their cause, I could not avoid saying, 'You wear the Second of December like a shirt of Nessus,' and he replied, 'Yes, it is always on my mind.'"

The picture of the genesis of the war which finally dethroned and exiled him is eminently fair. Bismarck, to whom war was merely one instrument of policy, did his best to goad the French to fury: to fury they were goaded and the outside world allotted them the blame—at the time. Louis Napoleon's gravest fault at this period was that he should have taken the field at the head of an Army deplorably deficient in numbers, equipment and organisation. He was brave enough, but his interests were not military, he did not think like a soldier, and—although he might never have found another Carnot—he should certainly have seen to it that his Army was ready. It may well be—for he survived his defeat by only a few years—that he was a sick man long before his collapse, and had lost his grip.

It is a sad story. For in early years this beaten old man was rather a winning figure. Rather a reckless young ass, of course. After getting mixed up with Italian revolutionaries (and he was always interested in the welfare of the country of his ancestors) nothing could have been sillier than his two attempts, with only a few accomplices, at Strasbourg and Boulogne. On each occasion he must have had his uncle's return from Elba in mind, and absurdly presumed that the French people and Army would come over to him at once when they heard that a returning Bonaparte was summoning them to the eagles. On the second occasion he was caught and sentenced to life imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. There he spent five years—and then, shaven, darkened, in workman's blouse and cap, he walked out of the fortress with pipe in mouth and a plank over his shoulder. At Valenciennes he got a passport as Colonel Crawford (Louis Philippe, a few years later, was to pass to England even more modestly, as Mr. Smith) and twenty-four hours later (it was Derby Day) he was in London. There he joined two Service clubs and the Athenæum, and before long 1848 gave him his chance of legitimate election as President of the French Republic.

He left a son. He was a promising youth who went to Woolwich (there was a statue of him there—I don't know if it has moved to Sandhurst with the Academy), became a British officer, and was killed in the Zulu War. What might have happened had the assegai missed its aim, no man can say. The Prince Imperial had an ambitious mother, and Republican France has never been short of crises. She has been very short, however, of rulers able to govern for as long as Louis Napoleon.



NAPOLÉON III., KNOWN AS LOUIS NAPOLEON; NEPHEW OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, AND THE SUBJECT OF THE BIOGRAPHY REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. HE WAS BORN IN PARIS IN 1808 AND DIED IN ENGLAND IN 1873.
From a photograph taken on his fiftieth birthday.



LOUIS NAPOLEON AS DEPUTY AND PRESIDENT, 1848.

From a contemporary print.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Louis Napoleon and the Second Empire"; by courtesy of the Publisher, Basil Blackwell.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE: LEADING PERSONALITIES.



(ABOVE.) HELD AT BLACKPOOL FROM OCTOBER 7-9; A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE, DURING MR. EDEN'S SPEECH.



THE Conservative Party Conference was described by Lord Hore-Belisha as marking the end of the post-war period in politics, as the restoration of sovereignty to Germany heralds the opening of a new phase. On the opening day, October 7, after Defence and Foreign policy had been debated by the 4000 representatives of constituency parties, the Foreign Secretary, who received a great ovation, spoke of the "fearful consequences" of failure to ratify the Nine-Power Agreement on Germany. Mr. Butler, winding up the debate on economic policy on October 8, gave "Invest in Success" as the slogan for the next election. He said to the prospective candidate for West Fulham: "I understand Mrs. de la Motte is to fight Edith Summerskill. I wish her every success. If I may enter into what I may describe as the War of the Roses, I should like to offer her this afternoon a bouquet of flowers. They will not be picked by my own hand, like Mr. Malenkov's flowers, but they will be British and from Lancaster, not York." On October 9 the Prime Minister, introduced by Mr. Eden, this year's President of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, as "the greatest man on earth," gave one of his statesmanlike reviews of the world scene.



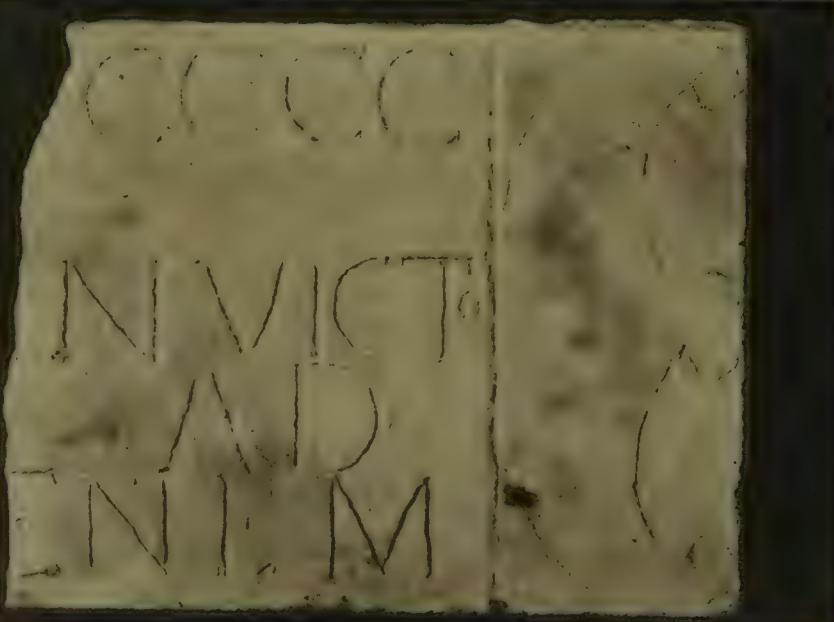
"THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH" DELIVERING HIS SPEECH ON OCTOBER 9; THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.

(LEFT.) PRAISED BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL FOR HIS "ENERGY AND BOLDNESS"; THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, MR. ANTHONY EDEN.

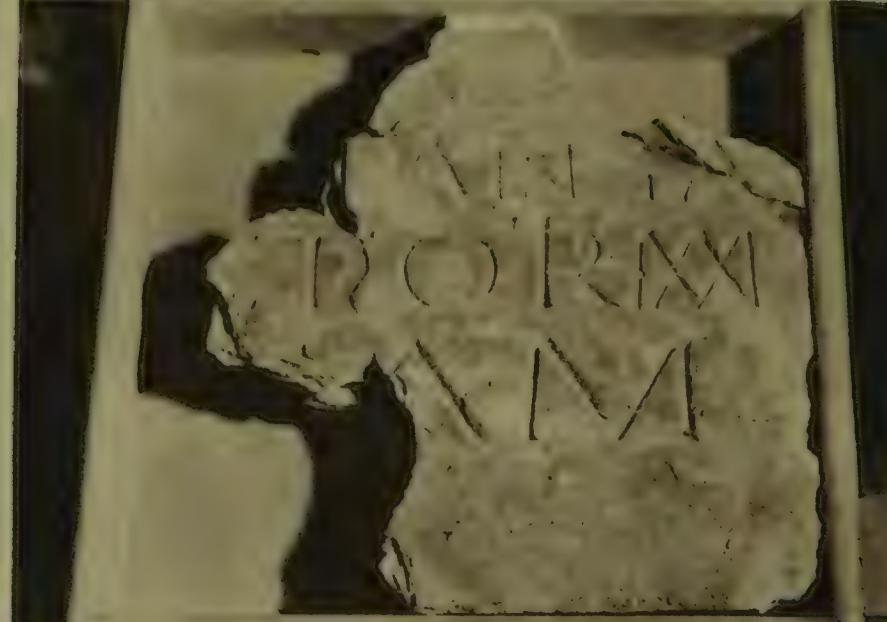


MR. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, RECEIVING A ROSE FROM THE BOUQUET HE GAVE MRS. DE LA MOTTE, PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATE FOR WEST FULHAM.

WHERE THE MITHRÆUM WILL STAND, AND SOME NOTABLE FINDS.



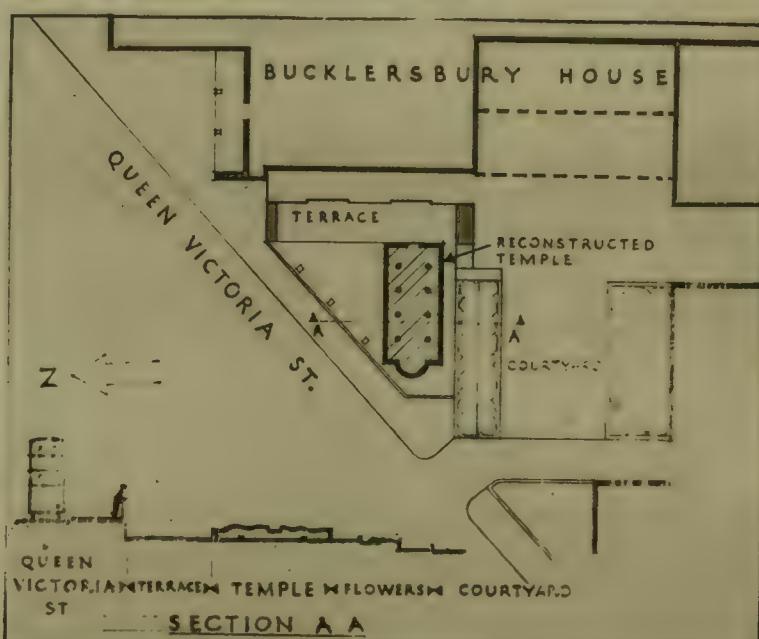
A BROKEN MARBLE FRAGMENT WITH AN INCOMPLETE INSCRIPTION, PART OF WHICH SEEMS TO BE (I)YFICTO (UNCONQUERED) : FOUND ON THE SITE ON OCTOBER 8. PERHAPS A MILITARY MEMORIAL.



ANOTHER FRAGMENTARY INSCRIPTION, FOUND SEPTEMBER 24, PART OF WHICH READS TANVIAE . . . TOBIAN, A REFERENCE TO THE "VICTORY OF BRITAIN." AN A-PROPOS FIND IN THE "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" MONTH.



A SANDSTONE BOWL, PART OF THE DISCOVERY MADE ON OCTOBER 4, WHEN THIS BOWL, THE SERAPIS HEAD, THE COLOSSAL HAND AND THE HERMES STATUETTE WERE FOUND TOGETHER.



A PLAN SHOWING THE POSITION IN WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO RE-ERECT THE WALBROOK MITHRÆUM, WITH A CROSS-SECTION ON THE LINE A-A.



THE COLOSSAL HAND, FOUND WITH THE HEAD OF SERAPIS, PART, IT WOULD SEEM, OF A TWO-AND-A-HALF-TIMES-LIFE-SIZE STATUE, PERHAPS OF MITHRAS SLAYING THE BULL, PERHAPS OF JUPITER.



THE SECOND HEAD TO BE FOUND ON THE SITE: THE GREY MARBLE HEAD NOW BELIEVED TO BE ATHENE, PROBABLY ORIGINALLY CROWNED WITH A DIadem.



THE SMALL DIONYSUS GROUP FOUND ON OCTOBER 7. THE BASE CARRIES THE LATER INSCRIPTION: HOMINIBUS BAGISBITAM. A CLOSER DESCRIPTION IS GIVEN IN THE TEXT.



A SMALL MARBLE STATUETTE, FOUND WITH THE HEAD OF SERAPIS. VARIOUS ATTRIBUTES, DESCRIBED BELOW, QUITE CLEARLY IDENTIFY THE FIGURE WITH HERMES.

At the time of going to press of our last issue, perhaps the major discovery in the Walbrook Mithraeum was made: that of the Serapis head (discussed on the opposite page), the colossal hand, the laver bowl and the small statuette of Hermes. Since then and to the time of writing, only one other major find has been made: a small Dionysus group. These we reproduce above. The Hermes statuette has various attributes of the god: in the hair of his head are the stumps of wings, in his left hand is a purse, beside the forefeet of the ram is a tortoise (from which he made the first lyre). The Dionysus group shows the god reaching up to a vine; on the left is Silenus on a donkey, and, above, on the tree-trunk, the leg of a goat; to the right of Dionysus is a satyr; and, further right, a mænad carrying a wine-vessel,

with a leopard at her feet. The inscription on this last is a late "amateur" inscription, and the second word BAGISBITAM may be a rendering of a Persian place; or, reading "v" for "b," VAGIS VITAM, "Thou givest life to men" (*hominibus*) —which seems almost too neat. The presence of these mixed deities on a Mithraic site is difficult. Mithraism was a secret and exclusive cult; and such tolerance of other deities seems unlikely. Perhaps the temple had ceased to be used for Mithraic rites and had become a sort of Pantheon. Possibly, on the other hand, Constantine's conversion to Christianity in c. A.D. 313 had made Mithraism an unprofitable cult for senior officers and rich merchants; and many pagan cults may have gone underground about this time.



THE EGYPTIAN CORN-GOD FROM THE LONDON TEMPLE OF MITHRAS: THE HEAD OF SERAPIS, A NOBLE, EXPRESSIVE AND WELL-PRESERVED SCULPTURE, PERHAPS BURIED IN FEAR OF THE RISING TIDE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Of the nine sculptures or fragments of sculpture found, by the date of writing, on the site of the Walbrook Mithræum, in the City of London, probably the most impressive, as well as the most surprising, was the large marble head of Serapis found (with a colossal hand and a small figure of an unidentified male figure reclining on a ram) at the east (or entrance) end of the building on October 4. This head, of a Jovian character, has an elaborately curled beard and curling hair, slightly parted lips and carries on the top of the head a vessel like a flower-pot. This last is a *modius*, or corn measure, and bears on its side, in low relief, some representations of a stylised olive-tree. This is the attribute of Serapis and the head is, in any case, almost identical with the colossal bust of Zeus-Serapis now in the Vatican (and figured in Nettleship's "Dictionary of Classical Antiquities"), which in its turn is

assumed to be copied or derived from a famous Serapis of Alexandria, a statue by Bryaxis which no longer exists. In Rome of the Empire, and slightly earlier, and perhaps as a result of the growing official character of the worship of the gods of Olympus, a number of cults from the Near East took a firm hold in Rome, Christianity and Mithraism being the strongest, but by no means the only, examples. Serapis is an aspect of Osiris and was first independently worshipped, as the god of the lower world, in the Egypt of the Ptolemies, and his worship (which gradually included aspects of Pluto, Zeus and Asclepius the god of healing) spread widely, particularly in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. Dream-oracles were also attached to his temples. The statue now found has an unfinished back to the head and it seems clear that it was intended as a bust standing in a niche.

OUR Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and British diplomacy in general can congratulate themselves on recent achievements. The characteristic of international negotiations since the Second World War has been their maddening lack of any finite quality. So many pieces of business on which we look back are seen standing precisely where they were in 1945. Now, within a few days, agreement has been reached on two pieces of urgent business which had been defying solution. The first, that of the future of the Federal Republic of Germany, had been on the scene for years, though the precise date at which it could be said to have started is hard to fix. The second, the Trieste dispute, actually began before the war came to an end. In both Mr. Eden has played a notable part. Neither can as yet be treated as finally disposed of and the possibility of further trouble in either case or in both cannot be discounted; but then the value of every international agreement depends on the spirit in which it is fulfilled. The inspiring aspect is that genuine progress has been made where none was made before and that parties in disagreement have come to see that when neither will give way an inch disagreement cannot be removed.

What is known as Zone A of the Free Territory—the narrow northern belt fringing the Gulf of Trieste—is to be handed over by the Allied Military Government to Italian control. A very small strip of territory at the southern end of this Zone—and about four miles south of Trieste—is to be cut off from it and made part of Zone B, the much deeper piece of territory at the southern end of the Gulf. Zone B, already under Yugoslav government, will remain so. This, on the face of it, is a curious ending, if ending it should prove to be, as all but professional trouble-makers will devoutly hope. But for the trifling adjustment mentioned the settlement is made on the terms proposed by the United Kingdom and the United States a year ago this October and then rejected by the Yugoslav Government. However, it would be doing bad service to the cause of peace to analyse too deeply the value of this little bit of land. The fact that it has sufficed to turn the scale for the Yugoslavs suggests that they are genuinely anxious to bring the long deadlock to an end.

Allied Military Government in both Zones A and B is due to be ended as soon as the boundary adjustments can be made. British and American troops are then to be withdrawn from Zone A, and the withdrawal ought to be in part accomplished when this article appears. Important undertakings by the Governments of Italy and Yugoslavia to protect political, professional, language and other rights are defined in a statute. A committee appointed by both sides has the task of preserving economic and religious facilities. The Italian Government pledges itself to maintain Trieste as a free port; that is, without the imposition of Customs' duties on goods in transit, in accordance with the Italian peace treaty. The agreement states that Italy and Yugoslavia bind themselves to treat racial minorities under their respective government justly and to prevent their ill treatment as the result of nationalist passion.

I have spoken about the part played by Mr. Eden and the British Foreign Office. Mr. Dulles and the American State Department have worked with them to the same end. My personal impression is that Greece has also played a part. When I was there in the summer, Field Marshal Papagos made it clear that he had followed proceedings closely, and he had, of course, ample opportunity to discuss them with Marshal Tito on his visit to Greece not long before. The Greek Prime Minister, as I mentioned in an article at the time, was highly optimistic about the prospects of a settlement in the near future, so much so that I, lacking the information at his disposal, wondered whether he were too much so. He is proved to have been right. The Italians—I speak here of their Government, not of certain rowdy elements on the spot—have been moderate and accommodating. The factor which above all others has made the settlement possible has been the realignment of Marshal Tito's policy and the change in the situation of Yugoslavia.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TRIESTE SETTLEMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Marshal Tito has proceeded by slow and careful steps not only in this matter but in all others connected with foreign affairs. It may be that this has been so not merely because he has been feeling his way in that field but also because he desires to carry public opinion with him. He has reminded the world recently that Yugoslavia is still a Communist State. There is no reason to suppose that it will become anything else, at all events in the near future. Yet the fact that he has decided to commit his fortunes to the West and that he has entered into alliance with two States, Greece and Turkey, which are signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty, would seem to have been decisive in his determination to reach a settlement over Trieste. Greece did not agree to suggestions that she should postpone conclusion of her pact with Yugoslavia until agreement over Trieste had been reached. She felt that the pact was likely to hasten the agreement. Yet it cannot be doubted that Marshal Tito during his visit was left in no doubt of the importance attributed by Greece to the Trieste settlement.

Three considerable problems have been bound up with this question: the rivalry of Yugoslavia and Italy, the minorities of both peoples in regions bound

a revival in this respect. That, however, does not look likely to take place in the near future, so that Trieste must expect an extension of the semi-desolation in which the port has long lived, though there may be some improvement now, and there is already talk of a conference on the subject.

The news of the initialling of the "memorandum of understanding" was received with rejoicing in Italy, but no particular enthusiasm in Yugoslavia, where it was considered that concessions had been made in the cause of peace and improved relations with Italy. From our point of view there seems ample cause for satisfaction but none for the throwing up of hats. The settlement cannot of itself provide against brawling or bitterness among minorities, and they can always lead to something worse. On hearing the news some local young Italian toughs celebrated it by spitting at British Army vehicles. They are said to have been of rather Fascist complexion. More serious reactions may proceed from the Communists, strong in the city of Trieste. The direct trouble they can create ought not to be impossible to control, but its indirect effects might be serious. A reasonable amount of optimism can, I think, be entertained, for the simple reason that the conflicting parties would not have entered into this agreement without believing that it looked the best way out of an intolerable situation.

This affair, like the London Conference, exhibits diplomacy working in the medium to which it is best suited. Diplomacy, as a rule, can only guide events along a path leading in a direction to which they already

tend. It can, indeed, call in force as an ally, and by the threat of force make events take quite a different direction. Trieste, however, did not represent a situation to which force was applicable. The ignorant or the impatient are apt to blame diplomacy when it fails to reconcile the irreconcilable, as happened, for example, in the famous case of the Villa Rose. This is to misunderstand its possibilities and, indeed, its usual function. It cannot desist from effort even in these seemingly hopeless situations because apparently irreconcilable forces may in the long run yield to the attrition of common sense and self-interest. Then it will be found that past work has not, in fact, been wasted, though at the time it has appeared to be. Yet most triumphs of diplomacy, including some of the most beneficent, have been obtained by intelligent pursuit of the clearly attainable.

Diplomacy can, however, in such cases, hasten results, make the tendencies of the time follow the most desirable courses, and bring about understandings in an atmosphere better than that in which they would otherwise have been reached.

This is how Anglo-American diplomacy is

to be regarded in relation to the question of Trieste and its zones. And here the armed forces of these two countries have been strong allies to diplomacy, not by the exertion of force, but by preventing the intrusion of malevolent force. Since I began to write in these pages fifteen years ago I have visited many places of interest in international affairs, but have never got as far as Trieste. All my available evidence, however, attests the value of the work accomplished by the British and United States Armies there. They have been firm, steady, and patient. Without them such tumult might have been created as would have rendered a peaceful settlement out of the question.

I have been cautious on the subject of the port of Trieste. It would be, I feel sure, a mistake to imagine that it could shortly be restored to anything like its old status. At least, however, if all goes well it should play a part in Yugoslav trade. This in itself would be appreciated. For the rest, its future must depend on political factors and above all on the future of the kind of trade which I have described, on which it flourished in past days. The agreement cannot work miracles for it. What it has done is to create a sense of relief and thankfulness, together with a reasonable measure of hope. All involved, as principals or advisers, in this matter are to be congratulated on a good piece of work.



LONDONERS EXAMINING A ROMAN PAVEMENT DISCOVERED NEAR BUCKLERSBURY—SOME OF THE 33,000 WHO VISITED THE SITE DURING THREE DAYS IN MAY, 1869—AN EIGHTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD PARALLEL TO THE RECENT QUEUES OF SIGHTSEERS AT THE WALBROOK MITHRAEUM. (Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 29, 1869.)

In the issue from which we reproduce the engraving above we wrote: "A very interesting addition has just been made to the evidences of Roman occupation by the discovery in the City of a tessellated pavement, in the course of excavating at the back of the Poultry for the formation of a new street from the Mansion House to Blackfriars. It lies about 17 ft. from the surface of the ground; . . . and it is of a bold type, the tesserae are of five colours, by no means of brilliant hue. . . . The public were admitted to view the pavement during three days of last week, when by the excellent regulation of the City authorities 33,000 persons inspected the remains." The new street in question was Queen Victoria Street; and the pavement was found at the junction of that street and Bucklersbury; in other words, within the block in which the Mithraeum was found; and the mosaic, now known as the Bucklersbury Pavement, is now in the Guildhall Museum. Furthermore, in our account we referred to "traces of a building of importance on the western bank of the Walbrook". In those days (and, indeed, until just recently) the "building of importance" could well have been the Mithraeum, thus tantalisingly glimpsed eighty-five years ago.

to come under the government of the other in any settlement that could be expected, and the future of the port of Trieste. The two first do not require much comment. Bitter war memories in Yugoslavia exacerbated rivalry in this region but did not begin it. Italian Fascism was an incubus on the shoulders of post-war Italy. The fate of minorities—ethnic, religious, or both—has constantly created bad relations and retarded or prevented settlements in international affairs. Nowhere has the noxious effect been felt more strongly than in eastern Europe. It is entangled in the later history of the Turkish Empire and the disturbances of the Balkans. Trieste itself represents a less common feature, though it too has had predecessors.

Trieste was not a national port. Its value lay in its being an inlet and outlet for goods in transit between the Mediterranean on the one hand and east-central Europe on the other. From it and to it goods could be carried, by communications of far from high quality but valuable in a tremendous mountain barrier, between Mediterranean freighters, inland markets and railways, and the Danube waterway. The decay of trade between the West, working from the Mediterranean side, and the Communist-dominated bloc—with Austrian traffic also controlled by Russia—involved the decay of Trieste. Hostility between the East and the West does not necessarily involve absence of trade, and it may be that at some future time there will be



ROEDEAN SCHOOL, WHICH CELEBRATES ITS SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY NEXT YEAR: ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS, AND A LANDMARK ON THE DOWNS AT BRIGHTON SINCE 1898.

Roedean School, one of the most famous public schools for girls, was founded in Brighton by the three Misses Lawrence in 1885 and will be next July celebrating its seventieth birthday. At that date the idea of a generous education for girls on the lines of the great public schools for boys was something comparatively new, and the Misses Lawrence determined that their school should provide for the all-round development, spiritual, intellectual and physical, of their pupils, encourage initiative, and give training in responsibility. As a result, the School, then called Wimbledon House School, flourished, and in 1898 moved from several adapted houses in Sussex Square, Brighton, to the present buildings at Roedean, facing the sea three miles to the east of Brighton. The original designs were prepared

by the late Sir John Simpson, F.R.I.B.A. The main building consists of the central block containing all the classrooms, large assembly hall, gymnasium and domestic science rooms; the library and studio; the music wing, with teaching and practice rooms. The four boarding Houses of the Upper School are connected with the central block by covered corridors. The Misses Lawrence continued to act as Joint Head Mistresses until their retirement in 1924, when they were succeeded by Miss E. M. Tanner (now Dame Emmeline Tanner, D.B.E.), who brought to the School great gifts of organisation and teaching. In 1947 she was succeeded by Miss N. M. Horobin, the present Head Mistress, who is carrying on the work of her famous predecessors with such signal success.



STONE-PAVED, BRICK-VAULTED, SHADY AND COOL: THE CLOISTERS, WHICH ENCLOSE THREE SIDES OF THE GREEN CLOISTER GARTH AND THROUGH WHICH GIRLS OF ROEDEAN SCHOOL FILE INTO THE CHAPEL. IN THE CENTRE OF THE SMOOTH LAWN STANDS A FOUNTAIN OF WHITE MARBLE.



CHANGING CLASSES AT SCHOOL HOUSE, ROEDEAN: THE VIEW FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE AS THE GIRLS, AT THE RINGING OF A BELL (RIGHT), MOVE QUICKLY UP AND DOWN THE MAIN STAIRCASE AND ALONG THE CENTRAL CORRIDOR TO THEIR VARIOUS DESTINATIONS.

AMONG THE FIRST GREAT MODERN SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS: ROEDEAN—THE CLOISTER GARTH; AND CHANGING CLASSES.

The Cloister Garth of Roedean School, Brighton, resembling the quadrangles and courts of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, is a peaceful part of the School, with its smooth, green lawn. The Garth is enclosed on three sides by the Cloisters, and on the fourth by the magnificent School Chapel. The main building of the School consists of the central block, containing all the classrooms and the

boarding-houses, which are connected by a long corridor. Were the School divided into separate blocks disposed about the grounds, the going to and fro in all weathers of the staff and pupils during change of classes would waste a considerable amount of time. As it is, at the ringing of a bell, the girls move swiftly from one classroom to another without any inconvenience to themselves.



ALWAYS A POPULAR PART OF THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM: A DRESSMAKING CLASS IN PROGRESS, WHERE THE GIRLS LEARN TO MAKE CLOTHES FOR THEMSELVES. COURSES IN DRESSMAKING AND OTHER BRANCHES OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE ARE REGARDED WITH EVER-INCREASING IMPORTANCE BY THE PRESENT-DAY SCHOOLGIRL.



A BOUT IN PROGRESS IN THE GYMNASIUM. FENCING PLAYS A PROMINENT PART IN THE SPORTING ACTIVITIES OF THE SCHOOL AND IS VERY POPULAR. THERE ARE ALSO LARGE PLAYING-FIELDS FOR LACROSSE, NETBALL, CRICKET AND ROUNDERS, AS WELL AS TENNIS-COURTS, AN OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-POOL AND A ROLLER-SKATING RINK.

TWO POPULAR PASTIMES AT ROEDEAN SCHOOL: THE DRESSMAKING CLASS; AND FENCING IN THE GYMNASIUM.

Dressmaking—and other branches of domestic science—play an ever-increasing part in the life of the present-day schoolgirl, and nowhere is it more popular than at Roedean School, Brighton. Under expert guidance girls learn to make clothes for themselves and are prepared for admission to the Domestic Science Colleges.

At Roedean fencing plays a prominent part in the sporting activities of the School and notable successes have been gained in inter-school events. The fencing classes are held in the gymnasium, with its arched timber roof. School plays are performed in the Assembly Hall.



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE IN THE BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL OF ROEDEAN SCHOOL, SITUATED ON THE CLIFFS THREE MILES EAST OF BRIGHTON, SHOWING THE FIVE WHITE ENSIGNS OF WHICH THE SCHOOL IS PROUD POSSESSOR.

Since the laying of the foundation-stone of Roedean School in 1898, on a site three miles to the east of Brighton, many fine buildings have been added; but perhaps the finest of them all is the School Chapel, which was erected in 1906. The Chapel is licensed by the Bishop of the Diocese and attendance is obligatory for members of the Church of England although, should parents desire it, arrangements are made for pupils to attend another place of worship. In the drawing reproduced above, the view of the majestic altar-table of white marble is taken from the front of

the organ, where the choir is stationed, and shows pupils at Sunday morning service, with the visitors' gallery on the left. Of the five White Ensigns which proudly adorn the sides of the Chapel, four were flown at the Battle of Jutland, having been presented to four of H.M. ships by each one of the four Houses. The fifth was flown over Roedean School when, during World War II., the School was taken over by the Royal Navy and commissioned as H.M.S. *Vernon*. All the stained-glass windows of the chapel have been presented by various donors as memorials.

A STABILISING INFLUENCE IN INDO-CHINA: THE NEW SECT OF "CAO-DAI"



SOME OF THE TROOPS OF THE "POPE" OF CAODAISM, PHAM CONG TAC, WITH FRENCH EQUIPMENT, DURING A MARCH-PAST. PRIMARILY A RELIGION, CAODAISM CAME INTO BEING ABOUT 1926.

DURING A MILITARY PROCESSION IN SOUTHERN VIET NAM: BAREFOOTED "PUPILS," FUTURE SOLDIERS OF THE CAODAIST ARMY WHICH NUMBERS 20,000 MEN. CAODAISM WAS A STABILISING INFLUENCE IN VIET NAM'S STRUGGLE AGAINST COMMUNISM.



AWAITING THE "POPE," THE SPIRITUAL LEADER OF THE CAO-DAI SECT, WHOSE ADHERENTS NUMBER OVER A MILLION: TIEN-BINH NOTABLES AT THE FOOT OF AN OPEN-AIR ALTAR.



WEARING A ROUND HAT KEPT IN PLACE BY AN IMMENSE YELLOW RIBBON: THE "POPE" OF CAODAISM, PHAM CONG TAC.



THREE OF THE "SAINTS" OF THE NEW RELIGION: VICTOR HUGO (CENTRE), WITH FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AND CONFUCIUS (RIGHT) IN THE CATHEDRAL AT TAY NINH.



MASTERS OF HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING: CAODAIST PARTISANS, DRESSED IN BLACK UNIFORMS, AND BAREFOOTED, DURING A MILITARY PARADE IN SOUTHERN VIET NAM.



EFFIGIES OF SOME OF THE INSPIRATORS OF CAODAISM ON TOP OF A CAR, BEING PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS, DURING A PROCESSION.



WEARING ROUND HATS SIMILAR TO THEIR SPIRITUAL LEADER, PHAM CONG TAC: CAODAISTS MARCHING TO THE BEAT OF A TOM-TOM DURING A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

One of the most stabilising influences in the fight against Communism in Southern Viet Nam has been "Cao-dai," a religious, political and military force which organised itself into communities and groups in districts out of the main current of the civil war in Indo-China. With the war over, this force continues to grow and to resist the threat of Communist domination still present in the country. Caodaism is primarily a religion and came into being about 1926. It claims to combine into a single unity the three great dogmas of the East, Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism, with a certain amount of Christianity thrown in. While claiming

to be a reformed Buddhism it is based on a revelation given by a supreme God, "Cao-dai," in order to guide men towards salvation. The organisation of the religion, however, owes much to Roman Catholicism, and overleaf we reproduce a photograph of the interior of the palace, or "Vatican," of the "Pope," at Tay Ninh. The sect's adherents number well over a million. The practice of Caodaism is basically an appeal to mysticism through spiritualistic means. At seances Caodaists communicate with the souls of such persons as Confucius, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Victor Hugo, some of the "saints" of the new religion.



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF CAODAISM, A NEW RELIGION IN INDO-CHINA WITH ONE MILLION ADHERENTS: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE "POPE'S" RESIDENCE IN TAY NINH, NEAR SAIGON.

The holy city of the new religion of "Cao-dai" is Tay Ninh, fifty-five miles north-west of Saigon, Indo-China, and there stands the palace, or "Vatican,"

of the spiritual leader of the sect, Pham Cong Tac, often called the "Pope." In the photograph reproduced on page 643 he is seen wearing a tricoloured

coat—the front yellow, the back red and the sides blue, the whole being made of pure silk. The "Vatican," begun in 1927, incorporates in its design motifs

from many religions. There is a gradual ascent to the candle-lit high altar; and grotesque, dragon-like serpents are entwined around each of the massive pillars.



"FIRST COMMUNION"; BY J. D. ST. J. SHEPPARD, A.R.P.S. A MOST APPEALING STUDY OF YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

THE annual Pictorial Exhibitions arranged by the Royal Photographic Society are invariably displays at which the finest examples of the modern skilled cameramen's work may be admired. The Earl of Radnor arranged to open the current 1954 Exhibition on October 8 at 16, Princes Gate, the Society's headquarters, where it will continue until November 6. By means of arrangements made in conjunction with the Welsh Photographic Federation it will then be shown in the Daffyd Francis Art Gallery, Alexander Road, Swansea. On this and the

[Continued below, right.]

APPEALING HUMAN AND ANIMAL PORTRAITS: AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.



"THE SYBARITE"; BY R. H. JOBSON, A STUDY OF A PET ANIMAL WHO IS UNDOUBTEDLY "ONE OF THE LEISURED CLASSES." STUDIES OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND PETS ARE A MOST ATTRACTIVE SECTION OF THE CURRENT EXHIBITION, AND IN THE FORTHCOMING SPECIAL R.P.S. EXHIBITION OF NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY, FROM NOVEMBER 10-27, WILD ANIMALS OF VARIOUS KINDS WILL FORM SUBJECTS OF CAMERA PICTURES ON VIEW.



"ABYSSINIAN CAT"; BY R. G. FENNAH, F.R.P.S. A REMARKABLY VIVID EXAMPLE OF ANIMAL PORTRAITURE.

Continued.]

facing page we reproduce some fine examples of modern pictorial photography from the exhibition. The skilful composition of "The First Communion" should be noted. The light is centred on the youthful face and figure of the child, while the shadowed figure of the old woman behind her provides a poignant reminder of the end to which all human beings are inexorably moving. The curving branch of the tree frames the group with excellent effect. Skilful lighting plays an important part in the success of the group "Trinidad Belle" and also in the two animal portraits, both full of character. The Exhibition consists of five sections, Monochrome Prints (from which our selection has been chosen); Monochrome Transparencies; Colour Prints; Colour Transparencies; and Stereoscopic (Prints and Transparencies; Monochrome and Colour). The Society, which in 1953 celebrated its centenary, arranged to hold its London meeting this year, from October 8 until October 10, during which the events on the programme included two interesting lectures at Church House, Westminster, one by Sir John Rothenstein, Director and Keeper of the Tate Gallery, on "Trends in Modern Painting, with particular Reference to the influence of Photography," and the other by Professor H. Hartridge, formerly of the Institute of Ophthalmology, on "Colours and How we See Them."



"TRINIDAD BELLE"; BY MAJOR R. S. (MIKE) DAVIS, A.R.P.S. A PORTRAIT GROUP ADMIRABLY FULL OF CHARACTER.



"VERBASCUM"—A CAMERA LANDSCAPE OF OUTSTANDING FELICITY BY OTA RUDINGER: ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S ANNUAL PICTORIAL EXHIBITION NOW IN PROGRESS.

This camera landscape, on view at the annual Pictorial Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society at 16, Princes Gate, London, is an extremely felicitous composition. The title refers to the tall spikes of *Verbascum* or Mullein, a well-known British and European wild flower, with leaves and stalks thickly clothed in

soft, whitish wool, and handsome yellow flowers. The clump of mullein forms an effective foreground to the view down the mountain valley, threaded by a winding road which looks as though it might well lead to that "Land of Lost Content" of which so many people cherish fond memories.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

After a lapse of fifteen years the Royal Horticultural Society returned—September 22-25—to Olympia for their great Autumn Show. I went there on the opening morning, but

of necessity it could only be a rather brief visit, so that I can not comment in any useful detail on the exhibits.

The general impression that I got was that it was much like a "fortnightly"—only more so—and in a much less pleasing setting than the Society's own two Westminster Halls. The stairs leading from the floor of the hall to the galleries were definitely unpleasing; a sad contrast to the fresh and spotless stairs at the R.H.S. Halls. If we return to Olympia next year, I would suggest "forty maids with forty mops for half-a-year" on those steps. I went up to the gallery to examine the exhibits, and not because so many people had said "you must go up—it's a wonderful sight looking down on to the hall." The daily Press, too, stressed the "pageant" quality of the Show, especially from the gallery. For the man who can not tell a dahlia from—a dahlia, that massed pageant business is all very well. But such mass effects of colour may be seen more easily, and in a better light, any summer's day, in any of the more gaudy corners of almost any public London park or garden. In some cases it is even possible to get the bird's-eye balcony effect by viewing from the top of a bus.

Several friends with whom I have since discussed this year's Olympia—gardeners of experience and knowledgeable plantsmen—seemed as uneasily disappointed with the Show as I was. Too much over-crowding in many of the exhibits, especially among the more gaudy types of flower, and few outstandingly good features or good plants. Personally, I thought Messrs. Carter's exhibit of vegetables was the finest and most astonishing of its kind I had ever seen. A superb piece of showmanship, exceptionally colourful, and full of unusual and appetising-looking things. But how weary I grow of hearing the age-old criticism that "of course such exhibition vegetables are far too big; one could never cook them, and they would be far too coarse to eat." Nonsense. Ninety per cent. of the items on these super-exhibits are of perfect table size and quality. A few, especially the leeks and the celery, have been grown purely to show what high cultivation can accomplish. Their sheer size might be embarrassing for ordinary domestic use, but having obviously been grown fast, their actual quality is almost certainly good. And, anyway, they are great fun and, being only a by-product of showmanship, need not be taken too seriously by self-appointed epicures. One vegetable in Carter's exhibit interested me enormously, and raised hopeful speculations. Purple brussels sprouts. Do they retain their purple colour when cooked, and have they a different flavour, even ever so slightly different from the ordinary sprouts? Brussels sprouts are a wonderful winter stand-by, but oh, what a long, long season they have, and how wearisomely one sprout is like all other sprouts. What a godsend a dish of purple sprouts with some distinctive flavour of their own would be!

Perry's exhibit of water and water-side plants came as a rest-cure for eyes half-blinded by the masses of sheer clotted colour that abounded on every hand at Olympia. Here were pools with flowering water-lilies, and ferns and reeds and much fresh cool green. As restful and refreshing as the still waters and the green pastures of the Psalmist. I noticed several interesting exhibits of what I call "parlour plants," plants which will endure life in a dwelling-room for longer or shorter periods. Some of them, like the long-suffering aspidistra, are even capable of outliving their owners. The movement in favour of a wider variety of parlour plants, many of them of rare decorative value, has made great advances during recent years, and several firms are now making a speciality of growing and supplying them. The possession and

THE R.H.S. AT OLYMPIA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

cultivation of such plants must be a great solace to plant-loving, gardenless town-dwellers. Ready-made in-flower pot plants—cyclamen, azaleas, primulas and the rest—which come from the florists, are delightful, but buying, enjoying and then discarding them can hardly be called gardening. It amounts to little more than buying, enjoying and discarding cut flowers. But growing a parlour plant year after year for years

daylight, does not seem to have harmed it in any way. In fact, it looks as fresh and green and sound as any conifer could possibly look. I feared it might become pale and drawn during such a long spell of room life. Not a bit of it. Even the new fronds of foliage that it has produced are perfectly normal and healthy. I shall now keep it where it is indefinitely, to find out how much it will stand. But at the first signs of distress I shall give it a vacation in the cool, damp, shady conditions in the greenhouse.

A day or two ago I paid a visit to the Old Court Nurseries at Colwall. It was sad not to see my old friend Ernest Ballard there; he was always so keen and interesting among his plants, not only his speciality, the Michaelmas daisies, but all the innumerable odd, beautiful and often strange plants that he was forever collecting.

But Mr. P. W. Picton, the manager, made an excellent host and guide. The Michaelmas daisies were in full flower and at their very best, a huge spread of rich colour in orderly bands across the aster quarters. I walked the whole length of the collection and made one note only, a mental one, of the Michaelmas daisy that immediately struck me as the most beautiful of all. I find that is the best way at a nursery or a show. Cast a critical eye over the whole collection, without stopping to look at names or to compare fine differences. Almost invariably there is one variety which stands out in some way as unquestionably the best. That is the one to buy, cost what it may. In this case it was Aster "Marie Ballard," a 3-ft. double-flowered variety, with large blossoms—but not too large—of a delightful clear, luminous lavender-blue, a shade or two deeper than Parma violet.

I ordered a plant for spring delivery. It was, I discovered, the most expensive in the catalogue. But who cares when it's a case of a really beautiful plant, and one, too, which can hardly fail to live and increase and spread increasing pleasure among one's self and friends.



"ALMOST INvariably THERE IS ONE VARIETY WHICH STANDS OUT IN SOME WAY AS UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST. . . . IN THIS CASE IT WAS ASTER 'MARIE BALLARD,' A 3-FT. DOUBLE-FLOWERED VARIETY, WITH LARGE BLOSSOMS—BUT NOT TOO LARGE—OF A DELIGHTFUL CLEAR, LUMINOUS LAVENDER-BLUE, A SHADE OR TWO DEEPER THAN PARMA VIOLET."

Photograph by courtesy of Old Court Nurseries Ltd.

on end really is gardening, and this widening of the range of plants available for the hobby is altogether excellent. Even living in the country as I do, with a garden full of plants of my own, plus a greenhouse full of experimental oddities, I find great pleasure in growing a few parlour plants. On a window-sill, a yard or two from where I write, sits a potful of the partridge-breasted aloe which was given to me from a cottage window-sill over thirty years ago. A vegetable pet which has outlived two or three generations of beloved dogs. I can not or do not, of course, take it for a walk as one would a dog, but I do, at any rate, put it out for a shower-bath when it rains, give it water to drink, and a saucer, in lieu of a basket, to sit in. One of the best of all parlour plants, however, is the giant Californian redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, though this has not yet been discovered and commercialised by florist growers. I have written fairly fully in the past, on this page, about my dwarfed pot specimens of the redwood. Normally, I bring them into the house at about this time of year, and there they remain until April, when I put them in deep shade under the staging in my unheated greenhouse, where the only attention they get is copious watering. They have developed thick, rugged trunks, like veteran forest trees in miniature, and they endure, and even seem to enjoy, eight months or so in a living-room, far removed from the nearest window, or from any direct daylight. This year, as an experiment, I have kept one of my redwoods in the house for a whole year. It is growing in peaty soil in a shallow green pie-dish, without any drainage, and thus it has lived now for five or six years. A whole year spent indoors, away from any direct



THE PARTRIDGE-BREASTED ALOE, ONE OF THE BEST BELOVED OF COTTAGE PARLOUR PLANTS—AND ONE OF THOSE WHICH "ARE EVEN CAPABLE OF OUTLIVING THEIR OWNERS"; ALOE VARIEGATA, WITH ITS BRILLIANT HARD GREEN-AND-WHITE TRIANGULAR LEAVES AND SPIKES OF TUBULAR, ORANGE-RED FLOWERS.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



FROM COGUL, LERIDA, EASTERN SPAIN: THE FAMOUS STANDING SKIRTED WOMEN, WITH ONE MAN, A RUNNING ANIMAL AND A SCHEMATIC FIGURE. PAINTED IN BLACK AND RED. HUMAN FIGURES OF THIS ART ARE USUALLY IN VIOLENT MOTION.

NOWADAYS the art of prehistoric man is an accepted fact and the concept of "Four Hundred Centuries of Cave Art" is one that is accepted without difficulty. Fifty-odd years ago this was not so. The wonderful cave paintings of Altamira were discovered in 1879; but the learned world refused to accept them

[Continued below, right.]

THE CONTINUITY OF CAVE ART: TRANSCRIPTS BY THE ABBÉ BREUIL, DOYEN OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS.



FROM THE FAMOUS CAVE OF FONT-DE-GAUME, IN THE DORDOGNE: A BUCK REINDEER SCENTING A KNEELING DOE. PAINTED IN POLYCHROME. THE ABBÉ BREUIL WAS ASSOCIATED IN THE DISCOVERY OF THIS CAVE.



THE FAMOUS AND CRYPTIC "WHITE LADY" OF BRANDBERG, IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA—THE SUBJECT OF A FORTHCOMING BOOK BY THE ABBÉ BREUIL. CURIOUSLY "CRETAN" IN STYLE.



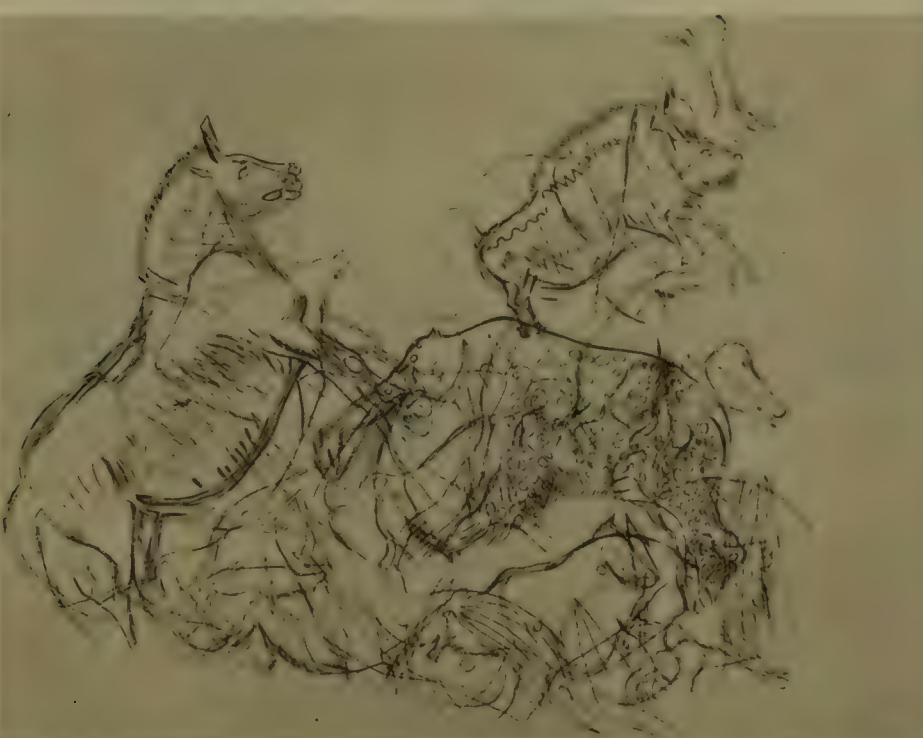
SPANISH LEVANTINE ART, WHICH HAS LINKS OF STYLE WITH SOUTH AFRICAN DRAWINGS: HERDS OF CATTLE, HUMAN BEINGS AND NUMEROUS NEOLITHIC DIAGRAMS, SEVERAL STYLES BEING SUPERIMPOSED. PAINTED IN REDDISH-BROWN, BLACK AND RED. THIS IS FROM THE CAVE AT CANTÓN DE LA VISERA, NEAR ALBACETE, IN SOUTH-EAST SPAIN. THE LATER FIGURES ARE PROGRESSIVELY DEGENERATE.



ONE OF THE LOVELY PAINTINGS FROM ALTAMIRA, N. SPAIN: A HORSE, UNFINISHED, IN POLYCHROME, SUPERIMPOSED ON A DEER IN RED. THE STROKE ABOVE THE HORSE MAY REPRESENT AN ARROW.

Continued.]

as prehistoric and similar discoveries in southern France failed to convince the sceptics. The Abbé Breuil, who was born in 1877, became interested in cave art in 1895 and in the beginning of this century was associated with M. Emile Rivière in the discoveries at La Mouthe in which the Palæolithic date of such art was proved once and for all. Since that date he has been closely associated with all the great cave art discoveries and especially in tracing, copying, transcribing and interpreting such drawings in Spain, France, and northern and southern Africa. Not all such paintings are of immediate impact like those of Altamira and Lascaux—many are difficult to see, owing to inequalities of the rock, destruction by time and erosion of various kinds, and the innumerable superimpositions of the palæolithic artists; and the transcripts of the Abbé Breuil, works of art in themselves, remain the chief means through which the world has learnt about cave art. A selection of his original drawings is now on exhibition from to-day (October 16) until November 13 at the Arts Council Gallery at 4, St. James's Square, S.W.1; and it is from this exhibition that the examples shown on this page are drawn. Cave art has, to use the Abbé's own phrase, "Four Hundred Centuries" of existence; and its examples lie as far apart as France and S.W. Africa, yet through all runs a common feeling, several allied styles and, it would seem, a united purpose—sympathetic magic.



THE ASTONISHING RICHNESS OF ENGRAVED ANIMAL PORTRAITS FROM THE TROIS FRÈRES CAVE, IN THE NORTH CENTRAL PYRENEES. NOTABLE AMONG THE FIGURES: A GREAT HORSE, BISON AND A BEAR PIERCED WITH HOLES.



WANDERING rather idly in the basement of the Victoria and Albert Museum, I found myself looking at one of those show-case arrangements, the leaves of which you push around. Each leaf contained three or four etchings by Rembrandt. I have a theory that to appreciate Rembrandt's etchings as they deserve, by far the best recipe is to own a whole set of your own and a large library table by the window; then take a month's holiday and really get down to it. But even glancing at a selection as I did that evening was sufficient to remind me that of all the hundreds of first-class men who practised the art of etching over four centuries, Rembrandt remains by general consent the greatest of all, and that, had he never painted with a brush or drawn with a pen, these etchings would alone have been sufficient to ensure his fame. There was this too: both paintings and, to a lesser degree, drawings are beyond most people's pockets, and so are a few of the rarer etchings, but the surprising thing is that not only are good, authentic impressions of the majority of the 300 etchings now accepted as by Rembrandt himself and not by pupils visible in many collections, both public and private, but they actually appear on the market and change hands, some of them for £30 or so. News values being what they are, we hear quite a lot about a very rare state of an etching fetching several thousand pounds, but nothing at all when a later good impression makes someone happy for a few five-pound notes.

The terms "state" and "impression" are possibly unfamiliar to many; herewith the explanation. As



"THE RAISING OF LAZARUS": AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669). First state.

In discussing Rembrandt as an etcher, Frank Davis writes of the subtleties which close study of these small-scale masterpieces reveal, and mentions in "The Raising of Lazarus," "the incredulous astonishment of the onlookers, not least the marvellous little figure of the woman in the foreground, the majestic, brooding figure of Christ, and the light illuminating the whole."

the etcher works on his metal plate he will generally want to see at some point or other how the work is progressing; he may consider the job has been completed, but he wishes to make sure. Therefore he prints off an impression. If he is satisfied with it, well and good. If he decides that some further strokes are necessary to give accent here or stress a shadow there, he will continue working on the plate, and take another impression, and so on, until he is satisfied

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE GREATEST OF ETCHERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

with the final result. The first of these impressions is known as the "first state," the second, the "second state." Naturally, first and second states are likely to be very scarce, for it would not be worth the artist's while to print off many impressions of his etching as long as he is not satisfied with it. It may look perfection to you or me, but not to him. Of some of Rembrandt's etchings only one state is known—of others, for example the famous "Christ Healing the Sick," only eight impressions of the first state.

It may seem a trifle absurd to pay so much attention to early impressions when they are not necessarily

Holland the original plate of the "Hundred Guilder Print," retouched it and issued a hundred impressions. In short, there are numerous stumbling-blocks, the avoidance of which requires patience, experience, a good eye and becoming humility.

I illustrate three of the not-so-famous of the 300 Rembrandt etchings known, chosen because they seem to me to indicate clearly enough both the brilliance of his handling and the quiet strength of his character. Popular illustrations to the Bible are liable to be either flamboyant or mawkish or plain silly. Rembrandt's are simple, dignified and profoundly moving. I think,

though, that for most of us to-day a conscious effort is required if we are to enjoy them as so many of our ancestors enjoyed them; we have become accustomed to glancing at pictures rather than looking at them, and these small-scale etchings do demand the close attention of the library table rather than the long-distance view. Once we can persuade ourselves into that quiet mood, it is surprising what subtleties we discover for ourselves in these sincere and penetrating interpretations—the protective gesture of the angel, with his hand over Isaac's head, the mingling of horror and relief in the very posture of Abraham's body, and—in the "Raising of Lazarus"—the incredulous astonishment of the onlookers, not least the marvellous little figure of the woman in the foreground, the majestic, brooding figure of Christ, and the light illuminating the whole.

As for the landscape, we all know Rembrandt was in the habit of wandering about in the country and making drawings; some, not many, he adapted and used as the basis for etchings when he got back to his house. What easy mastery, what control of the burin, what darkness dissipated, what light let in!

he got back to his house. What easy mastery, what control of the burin, what darkness dissipated, what light let in!

In 1952 The Arts Council sent an exhibition of Rembrandt etchings round the country; this year it is showing us another selection, the collection of Lord Downe, which is due to be shown at Scarborough Art Gallery from November 3-27, before going on a



"LANDSCAPE WITH AN ARTIST SKETCHING": AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669). Only state.

"As for the landscape, we all know Rembrandt was in the habit of wandering about in the country and making drawings; some, not many, he adapted and used as the basis for etchings when he got back to his house. What easy mastery, what control of the burin, what darkness dissipated, what light let in!"

Illustrations by courtesy of P. and D. Colnaghi.

Rembrandt's final thoughts. The point is that the more the plate is used, the more worn it can become; therefore, other things being equal, early impressions are generally more brilliant, precise and clear-cut than later ones. The difference is minute, but it exists, and one of the innocent joys of the chase is to train oneself to recognise these subtle differences. How many impressions were printed off as each plate was etched is unknown (in modern terms, what was the size of the edition); what we do know is that some of them were popular immediately, and one impression of "Christ Healing the Sick" made at auction soon after it was issued the then astonishing price of 100 guilders, and has been referred to ever since as "The Hundred Guilder Print." Nor was Holland the only country in the seventeenth century to appreciate Rembrandt's etchings. One of them, for example, a self-portrait etched in 1634, was in the possession of the Paris collector and dealer Pierre Mariette in 1674, for his name and that date are written by him on the back, and many collectors during the eighteenth century, both here and across the Channel, testified to their pride of ownership by placing their stamp or initials on their specimens. A few—a very few—are so rare that it is possible they were etched only for private reasons—a commission for a particular individual perhaps—and not sold in the ordinary way. Such a one is the portrait of Dr. Tholinx, Inspector of Medical Colleges at Amsterdam, of which only five impressions of the first state are known, and about four of the second state. When the fifth impression of the first state turned up in a sale at Christie's in 1924 it changed hands at £3780.

Imitations, adaptations and downright forgeries are known and are entertaining to the wary and dangerous to the careless. That nice Czech Wenzel Hollar—bob-an-hour Hollar I always call him, because he was quite happy working for his clients at that price—copied Rembrandt's "Saskia, with Pearls in Her Hair" in 1635. In the middle of the eighteenth century Benjamin Wilson played a trick on the painter Thomas Hudson, Reynolds' master, by etching a landscape in the Rembrandt manner and "planting" it for him. Hudson, who fancied himself as a great connoisseur, was taken in and never forgave the trickster for the blow to his self-esteem. Then in 1775 a certain Captain William Baillie bought in



"ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE": ETCHING BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669), 1655. Only state.

Of this etching, one of Rembrandt's "sincere and penetrating interpretations" of biblical subjects, Frank Davis particularly notes "the protective gesture of the angel, with his hand over Isaac's head, the mingling of horror and relief in the very posture of Abraham's body . . ."

tour which will include Sheffield, Newcastle and Hull. With a little more experience, once he has mastered the more obvious intricacies of the subject—the slight differences between the various states, for example—the enquirer can then take an honours course and learn to recognise the passages in several of the later etchings in which Rembrandt, having had enough of the acid process, takes to dry point, with its characteristic burr—and when you and I have progressed so far, we shall be connoisseurs indeed.

FLEMISH, ITALIAN, DUTCH, ENGLISH: OLD MASTERS IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"; BY CAREL FABRITIUS (1624-1654). A FINE WORK BY THE PUPIL OF REMBRANDT. FROM THE ROTHSCHILD COLLECTION, VIENNA. (Canvas; 31 by 23 ins.)



"ST. CHRISTOPHER"; BY QUENTIN MATSYS (c. 1465-1530), WITH A LANDSCAPE BY JOACHIM PATINIR, WHO FREQUENTLY COLLABORATED WITH MATSYS. (Panel; 30 by 23½ ins.)



"QUEEN MARY TUDOR" (1516-1558); BY HANS EWORTH (WORKING 1540-1573). FROM THE COLLECTION OF LORD TOLLEMACHE. (Panel; arched top, 18½ by 14 ins.)



"THE POSILIPPO AT NAPLES"; BY PIETRO FABRIS (WORKING 1760-1780). ONE OF A PAIR, SIGNED AND DATED 1763. FROM THE TAYMOUTH CASTLE COLLECTION. (Canvas; 30½ by 50½ ins.)



"ERMINIA AND THE SHEPHERDS"; BY F. ZUCCARELLI (1702-1788). AN EARLY WORK. ONE OF A PAIR. (Canvas; 45½ by 68½ ins.)



"THE CANNAREGIO WITH S. GEREMIA AND THE PALAZZO LABIA"; BY ANTONIO CANALETTO (1697-1768). THERE IS A DRAWING FOR THIS PICTURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE. (Canvas; 18½ by 31 ins.)



"A COTTAGE AMONGST TREES"; BY J. CROME (1768-1821). A SUPERB LANDSCAPE OF THE ENGLISH SCENE. (Canvas; 19½ by 15½ ins.)

THE Autumn Exhibition of Fine Pictures by Old Masters, which was due to open at Agnew's Galleries on Tuesday last, will continue until Nov. 20. The works on view include a number of extremely fine examples of paintings by artists of various European schools. The "St. Christopher," by Quentin Matsys, with a landscape background by Joachim Patinir, is an outstandingly beautiful work, from the collection of Prince George zu Waldeck-Pyrmont, Schloss Arolsen. The pair of paintings by Pietro Fabris came from the collection of the 2nd Marquess of Breadalbane, Taymouth Castle, and thence by descent to Colonel the Hon. Thomas Morgan Grenville. Little is known of the life of Fabris, but he painted a number of views of the Gulf of Naples, and exhibited two pictures of the Posilipo in 1772 at the Society of Artists. The pair of paintings by Zuccarelli are illustrations to stories in Tasso's "Gerusalemme liberata." There is a drawing for the Canaletto picture of the Cannaregio in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. The exhibition also includes a large Murillo of Christ and Saint John the Baptist, from the collection of King Louis Philippe, with a landscape background; two wings of an altarpiece by the Master of Frankfurt and examples of the work of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Millais, so it ranges over an extensive field.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FOR a number of years now it has been my habit, when weather and work permit, to take a two-mile walk after dark. The attraction of this form of exercise lies in the comparative quiet that comes over the earth with the departure of daylight and the fact that, on roads not lit by artificial light, the eyes are more or less out of action and the thoughts turn inward. There is, however, a further attraction, in that in the relative calm of night, natural sounds reach the ears more readily and animals not abroad by day can be to some extent observed, especially on nights that are fully moonlit. Unfortunately, even in brilliant moonlight the eyes are still of comparatively little use. So it came about that my favourite nocturnal animal, the tawny owl, was largely a thing of tantalizingly elusive sounds-in-the-night, and my visual knowledge of it confined to dim silhouettes and the occasional bird seen returning at dawn to roost, or sleeping in a tree by day. When I was offered a couple of tawny owls as pets I readily accepted.

The two owls had been picked up as fledglings, both having an injury, hand-reared back to health and kept in an aviary. Although having an aversion in principle to keeping animals in close captivity, the early history of the birds, the fact that we could provide a roomy home for them, and the pleasure of making the acquaintance of tawny owls at close range overcame any scruples I may have had. The aviary was specially built for them, a wire enclosure 8 ft. high, 20 ft. long and 10 ft. across, and within it we were able to include many features natural to their habitat. They have, therefore, a fair space in which to move.

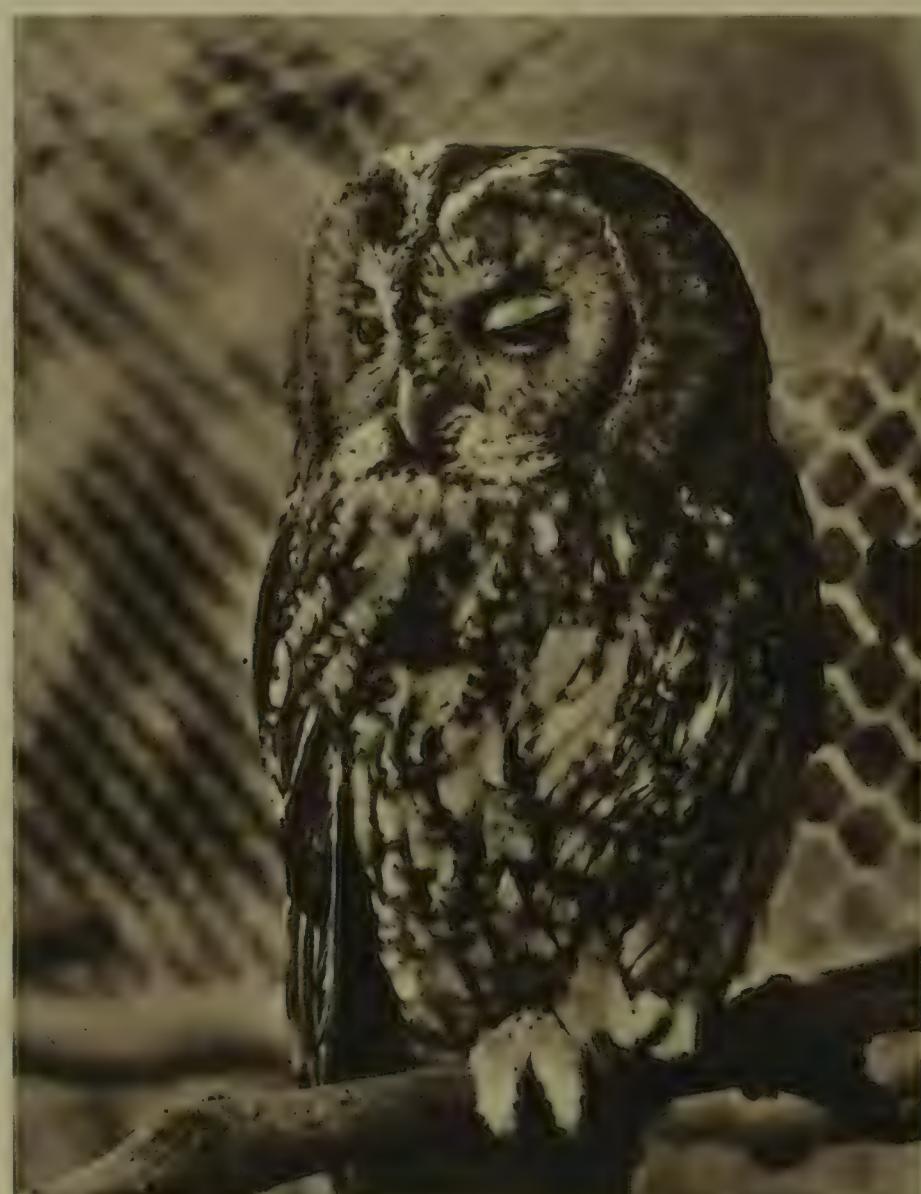
We arrived back with the two owls, fetched from a distance away, in the evening. They seemed readily to accept their new quarters and ourselves as their new neighbours. About an hour after their arrival, and about half an hour after the local owls first start to call, we became aware that a wild tawny owl was over the aviary. No precise records of times had been kept and those given are rough approximations. It is sufficient to say, nevertheless, in general terms, that this wild owl had speedily discovered the presence of the newcomers, and the circumstances in which this happened call for comment. As I have said, I have been well aware of owls for some time and was accustomed to this one starting to call at nightfall in a tree 120 ft. from the house, and about the same distance from the site of the new aviary, which was under a large, spreading oak, so that it must be effectively screened from above. Between that oak and the customary perch of the wild owl, moreover, and in direct line between them, is another well-grown oak and a fair-sized hornbeam. On either side of this line are other trees, including oak and ash, and at the time our two owls were acquired all were in full foliage. Yet the wild owl quickly found the intruders.

The wild owl was not noticeably given to flying into or over the garden, so we may presume its presence in the oak sheltering the aviary was a deliberate invasion. Granted that an owl's eyesight is keen, it seems hardly likely that it saw the newcomers. It may have heard them. If so, then it must have been sensitive to very low owl-sounds. Even now, several weeks after their introduction to their new home, our aviary owls are not markedly vociferous. They are, however, given to two sounds. One is a castanet-like sound produced apparently by clapping the mandibles. This bill-snapping is said to express anger. Our experience is that it is usually, if not invariably, accompanied by a lazy lowering of the eyelids, several times repeated. Moreover, it is usually followed by a pleasant-sounding tremulous gurgling which, like the

STUDIES OF TAWNY OWLS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

purring of a cat, seems to come from somewhere inside the body. As often as not, this is the way we are greeted when we go in to feed the birds and the gurgling may continue as the owl perches on one's hand. If the bill-snapping denotes anger then the tawny owl must be unique in its placid method of flying into a fury. At all events, these two low sounds, inaudible to the human ear at a fairly short distance, must have guided the wild owl on its first visit to the aviary.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN AN AVIARY IN DR. BURTON'S GARDEN IN SURREY: ONE OF THE TWO HAND-REARED TAWNY OWLS WHOSE BEHAVIOUR HE DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE. DR. BURTON SAYS: "BILL-SNAPPING HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS AN EXPRESSION OF ANGER. THERE IS, HOWEVER, A FORM OF BILL-SNAPPING, ACCOMPANIED BY A SLOW LOWERING AND RAISING OF THE EYELIDS, WITH WHICH TAME OWLS GREET THOSE WITH WHOM THEY ARE FAMILIAR, AND ESPECIALLY WHEN FOOD IS BEING BROUGHT TO THEM."

Photograph by Neave Parker.

The wild owl's visit is now a nightly routine. As formerly, it starts to call in the tree 120 ft. away, but is soon calling from the oak over the aviary. From the position of fresh droppings it seems safe to assume that it makes other visits during the night, settling on other points than the branches of the oak. This means that its night's activities are divided between

looking for food and keeping watch on potential intruders or rivals in or near its feeding territory. In some of its aspects this account of our wild owl's activity is speculative. There is, however, nothing speculative about the behaviour of the tame birds. They will not feed while the wild owl is calling or even while it is in the vicinity of the aviary. Even when they are fully hungry, as we can tell subsequently by their readiness to feed, they will not take food, or at best will accept one piece and merely hold it in the beak. All the time, their attention is on their wild congener, looking up or round at it every time it calls or moves.

In the current number of *Bird Study* there are accounts of detailed studies of the tawny owl by H. N. Southern and others. In one of these the results of continued observations of young owls points to a heavy mortality among them once they leave the nest. These deaths appear to be due to starvation, and there is the implication that this could be the result of upbringing. Owls tend and feed their young to a relatively advanced stage, and it seems to be implied in this study that the degree of parental care inhibits self-reliance in the young. From what we see in our aviary it seems possible also that the dominant adults into whose territory the young may wander when they finally leave the nest, may intimidate them in some way and so assist starvation.

It is sometimes said that a possible function of the owl's calls is to frighten mice, voles and other prey into movement, thus betraying their presence to the predator. Only once have I made direct observation appropriate to this point. It so happened that I was watching a field vole at close quarters, when an owl called from a near-by tree. The vole immediately froze and remained immobile for a fair period of time before resuming activities. Bearing on this same point, presumably, is the other observation, of the hunting activities followed more than once on a brilliant moonlit night. On those occasions I have not been able to keep the bird continuously in view while it was on the wing, even in brilliant moonlight that made middle-distant features of the landscape fairly plain. Nevertheless, by a combination of watching and listening I have had little doubt that the owl called only when perched in a tree and was silent while quartering the field—if quartering be the correct word. Calling on the wing seems to be exceptional, but our wild owl certainly calls frequently on the wing, as well as when perched, while it is in the vicinity of our aviary.

It has long puzzled me to find an interpretation of the calls of free-ranging owls. Sometimes there is a definite call and response between two birds perched at a distance, one from the other. At the appropriate season this could, we may suppose, be a part of the courtship. It was, however, this solo-calling while perched, especially after seeing the vole freeze in response to it, that seemed to invest it with no more significance than calling "for the sake of calling."

It seems probable, now, that the routine hooting is part of a territorial instinct, giving a bird possibly some hint of potential rivals on the territory, but more especially, by some form of intimidation, starving out such intruders, or driving them to seek an unoccupied territory.

There is a final implication. When one thinks of the multitude of small mammals, such as mice, voles, shrews and others, and of small birds roosting, even within a 10-acre field, one imagines the owl living in the midst of plenty. The picture now emerging suggests rather that an owl must work hard to find sufficient food. This may be why it sometimes takes beetles, moths, slugs and earthworms, for want of something better.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP

To have a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" sent each week to friends, whether they live at home or abroad, will be an act of kindness much appreciated by them. Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months without Xmas No.
United Kingdom and Eire	£ 5 16 6	£ 3 0 0	£ 2 16 6
Canada	£ 14 0	£ 2 19 0	£ 2 15 0
Elsewhere Abroad	£ 5 18 6	£ 3 1 3	£ 2 17 6

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

DIED ON OCTOBER 7: MR. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE.

Mr. Rowntree, chairman of Rowntree and Co., the cocoa and chocolate firm, from 1925 to 1941, and well known as a philanthropist and sociologist, was eighty-three. Of the many books on social questions associated with his name, perhaps the best-remembered are "Poverty: A Study in Town Life" (1901) and "Poverty and Progress" (1941), both surveys of social conditions in York.



PREMIER OF EASTERN NIGERIA: DR. NAMIDI AZIKIWE.

Nigeria, largest of all the Colonies, with a population of about 32,000,000, took a further step towards self-government on October 1, when a new Federal Constitution came into force. Under this Constitution the three principal regions of Nigeria—North, East and West—became federal, autonomous states within the Federation, each with its own Premier.



PREMIER OF NORTHERN NIGERIA: THE HON. AHMADU, THE SARDANA OF SOKOTO.



PREMIER OF WESTERN NIGERIA: DR. OBAFEMI AWOLOWO.



DIED ON OCTOBER 6: AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR RODERIC HILL

Air Chief-Marshal Sir R. Hill, who was sixty, had an outstanding career as a scientific air officer. From 1917-23 he was in charge of the experimental flying department at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough. He was A.O.C., Fighter Command from 1944 until 1945; and had been Rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology since 1948.



DIED ON OCTOBER 4: CARDINAL BORGONGINI DUCA, THE FIRST PAPAL NUNCIUS TO ITALY.

Cardinal Borgongini Duca, who was seventy, was the first Papal Nuncio to Italy, an office which he held from 1929 to 1953, when he was elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals. In 1929 he signed the Lateran Treaty on behalf of the Vatican, thus ensuring international diplomatic recognition of the Holy See as a Sovereign State.



APPOINTED MUSICAL DIRECTOR, COVENT GARDEN: MR. R. KUBELIK.

Mr. Rafael Kubelik, son of the famous violinist, has been appointed Musical Director of the Covent Garden Opera Company, with effect from October 1955; but will appear as guest conductor at Covent Garden in April. Musical Director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, 1950-53, he first appeared in England in 1937. He conducted at the Edinburgh Festival in 1948 and in 1949.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE KEYS OF STIRLING CASTLE FROM LORD JOHN ERSKINE, GRANDSON OF THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE, DURING THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

On October 9 the Queen, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, broke her journey from Balmoral to London to inspect her regiment at their Battle of Balaklava centenary celebrations on the Castle Esplanade, Stirling. Before entering the Castle for tea, her Majesty received the keys of the fortress from Major Lord John Erskine, Scots Guards.



SENTENCED TO DEATH: DR. HUSSEIN FATEMI, FORMER PERSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

Dr. Fatemi was sentenced to death by an Army Court in Teheran on October 10. Fatemi, who is thirty-seven, played a leading part in the nationalisation of the Anglo-Iranian oil properties in 1951, and faced five charges of acts against the Shah, including an attempt to overthrow the Monarchy and set up a "Communist-style Republic."



TO BE HEAD OF EUROPEAN NUCLEAR RESEARCH: SIR B. LOCKSPEISER.

Sir Ben Lockspeiser, Secretary to the Committee of Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research since 1949, has been elected President of the European Organisation for Nuclear Research at Geneva. Sir Ben was Chief Scientist to the Ministry of Supply, 1946-49, President of the Engineering Section of the British Association, 1952, and President of the Johnson Society, 1953-54.



DIED ON OCTOBER 8, AGED SEVENTY-FOUR: CDR. OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Cdr. Locker-Lampson was Conservative Member for Handsworth (1922-45); and for North Huntingdonshire (1945-51). In World War I, he served with distinction with the Armoured Car Section, R.N.V.R. (C.M.G., 1917; D.S.O., 1918) in Russia and other theatres of war. He was Russian Representative, Ministry of Information, 1918.



PAYING A VISIT TO RUSSIA: THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK (RIGHT), VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY, AND MISS EVELYN BARK, THE SOCIETY'S INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS ADVISER. Lady Limerick and Miss Bark left London on October 11 for a fortnight's visit to Russia at the invitation of the Alliance of Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies of the U.S.S.R. This is a return visit, for last July two representatives of the Red Crescent came to England to see the British Red Cross at work. During their stay they will travel as far south as Sochi, on the Black Sea.



DIED IN HOSPITAL ON SEPTEMBER 20: MAJOR A. A. LONGDEN.

Curator and Director of the Wren Library, Luton Hoo, Major A. A. Longden was formerly Director, Fine Art Department, British Council; and Art Adviser, Department of Overseas Trade. An admirable organiser, his first official post was as Government Representative, Fine and Applied Art, at the New Zealand International Exhibition, 1906-7.

LAND, AIR AND SEA: PRESENTATIONS, A SEA RESCUE, THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA, MEMORIALS, THE DOCK STRIKE, AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA



A DRAMATIC SEA RESCUE: FOUR SURVIVORS OF THE RAPIDLY SINKING YACHT *ABLE LADY* CLINGING TOGETHER IN HEAVY SEAS OFF CAPE HENRY, VIRGINIA, ON OCTOBER 7. ALL WERE SAVED BY THE U.S. DESTROYER *LAFFEY* (LEFT), A MEMBER OF WHOSE CREW TOOK THIS PHOTOGRAPH.



BRITAIN'S SECOND AIRCRAFT TO BE CAPABLE OF SUPERSONIC SPEED IN LEVEL FLIGHT—THE FIRST BEING THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1: THE FAIRY DELTA 2, WHICH MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT ON OCTOBER 6.

The *Fairly Delta 2* supersonic aircraft made its maiden flight from the Ministry of Supply's establishment Boscombe Down, Hampshire, on October 6. The aircraft, powered by a Rolls-Royce Avon jet engine, has built-in pressure bulkheads and is dash-shaped, with very thin wings, has an elongated fuselage which can be lowered in flight, rather like a strawbridge, and has a large fin.



OPENED ON OCTOBER 9 BY MR. ARTHUR DEAKIN: THE INDUSTRIAL DISEASES MEDICAL INSTITUTE AT MANOR HOUSE HOSPITAL, GOLDCERS GREEN, IN MEMORY OF BUSMEN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN WORLD WAR II. On October 9 Mr. Arthur Deakin opened a new Industrial Diseases Medical Institute at Manor House Hospital, Golders Green, as a memorial to busmen who lost their lives in World War II. It was initiated by No. 1 Passenger Group Committee of 1944-45 of the Transport and General Workers' Union.



BEFORE LEAVING HANOI: GENERAL COGNY, COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH UNION GROUND FORCES IN NORTH VIET-NAM, LAYING A WREATH AT THE WAR CEMETERY. On October 9 eighty years of French rule, interrupted only by the Japanese occupation, came to an end when the last of the French troops left Hanoi. At an official leave-taking ceremony on September 30 wreaths were laid at the Vietnamese war cemetery in the city.



PRESERVED FOR POSTERITY: THE PINE-TREE AT FARNBOROUGH USED BY COLONEL CODY FOR TETHERING HIS AIRCRAFT
By a method of impregnation with resin Cody's tree near the main entrance to the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, Hampshire, has been preserved for posterity, although it has been dead for over thirty years. This old pine-tree stands near the spot where, on May 16, 1908, Cody made the first successful officially recorded flight in Great Britain.



THE LONDON DOCK STRIKE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE KING GEORGE V. DOCK (LEFT) AND THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK (RIGHT), WITH ROWS OF IDLE SHIPS AND STATIONARY CRANES. In September 1910 some 18,000 men had ceased work in the Port of London and 114 ships were idle. On October 9 there had been a partial return to work by some permanent staff dockers in the King George V. Dock, but the strike was still in progress when this photograph was taken. The ships in our photograph are the *Albion* (extreme left) for *Halifax* and the *1837* (extreme right) for *Calcutta*. The *Albion* had just put into the King George V. Dock.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR RHOEDICK MCGRIGOR AND LADY MCGRIGOR.

Admiral Sir Rhodrick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, opened the ninth annual exhibition of the Society of Marine Artists at the Royal Art Gallery October 7; and is shown with Lady McGrigor and Mr. Charles R. Gull, the President of the Society, admiring some of the works on view. Notable exhibits include paintings of events of the Royal Commonwealth Tour, including the arrival of the Queen and the Duke at Sydney in the Gothic and the return home in the *Britannia*.



THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA IN MALTA, WHICH HE LEFT ON OCTOBER 8: A GROUP TAKEN AFTER HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ARRIVED, DUNNING WITH THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. BORG OLIVIER.

Our group, taken after the Emperor of Ethiopia had lunch with the Prime Minister of Malta and Mrs. Borg Olivier, shows (left to right, from front) Malta's Prime Minister, Dr. Joseph D. C. Dalli, Dr. George O'Leary, H.E. the Governor, Sir Robert Laycock, Mrs. C. Faice, wife of the Minister of Justice, and Dr. P. F. Vassallo, who was due to arrive in this country for his State visit on October 14, appears on our front page. His Excellency, the Emperor, is not in the picture.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

SPECTACULAR.

By ALAN DENT.

TWO very different new sensations in the cinema—"Romeo and Juliet" and "This is Cinerama"—have nevertheless a curious quality in common, a kind of blatant fascination. You cannot keep your eyes off them. They are spectacular in the supreme sense of the word.

The long-awaited Italian film of Shakespeare—made largely in Italy, but principally with English actors—must be seen by absolutely everybody. It has many lapses into languor, almost as many as its lapses into non-Shakespeare. It is acted in a way that, at its best, can only be called anxious. It alternates the swift and the slow in the most disconcerting way. It omits almost entirely the mercurial Mercutio—a character with a tang and an impetus which always enhance the play's human values because of his impatience with the moon and the moon-struck. It dwells unduly, in the most dank and dampening way, on the closing scene (which every stage-director knows must be played unfumblingly and with few pauses, even when he has truly romantically-voiced actors to speak the marvellous verse). One of the worst examples of this undue dwelling on the mere mechanics of the scene is the minute—it seems like ten at least—which Romeo spends trying to knock the lid off Juliet's sarcophagus with a massive candlestick which even Romeo might know to be hardly the ideal tool for such a job.

But this is a detail, one of many details which would hardly matter at all if the film could truly be said to succeed in the general business of being a truly Shakespearean film. It cannot. The director is an Italian called Renato Castellani. That he is no fool is as evident as that he is not soaked in English dramatic poetry. That he is a director of great individual power is proved by the fact that he has somehow induced the whole company—almost without exception, and certainly with no exception among the top-principal characters—to speak their Shakespeare with an acute self-consciousness. The first essential of a Shakespearean performance is that the characters should speak the famous verse as though it were their natural language. I did not think that an occasion could ever arise when this axiom would have to be categorically set down in grown-up circumstances out of the schoolroom. But here and now it has!

The paradoxical truth is that this would be an infinitely more satisfactory film if it had no Shakespeare in it at all. This statement is not a joke: it is a result of some serious thought backed with some not inconsiderable experience in preparing Shakespearean texts for the screen. Because of his nationality M. Castellani is out for the count at the very beginning, or rather, immediately after the very beginning. (With a flash of that inspiration which he has lacked everywhere else in the casting of this film he chose none other than John Gielgud to deliver that little prologue to the tragedy which contrives to be at one and the same time a sonnet and a synopsis. This delivery set up high hopes which were rudely shattered in all that followed—a "two hours' traffic" turning into a hopeless jam the moment the word "Go," so to speak, had been so exquisitely uttered.)

But, from the purely visual point of view, what an enchanting and not-to-be-missed jam it often is! M. Castellani has seen fit to film this highly Italianate melodrama in and around Verona and other glowing cities of northern Italy. The topography, the architecture, the colour (never, anywhere, have I seen Technicolor used so imaginatively), the interiors as well as the exteriors, the clothes, the movements, the excited choreography of the film—these things

must make this essay a delightful and vivid and even (for the eye, at least) a poetical experience for all but the few persons who are more uncompromisingly Shakespeare-minded than I think I am myself.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MR. MARLON BRANDO AS TERRY MALLOY IN "ON THE WATERFRONT."

Starting with this issue, Mr. Alan Dent will choose once a fortnight the actor or actress appearing in a current release, who, in his opinion, has made an outstanding performance. This week Mr. Dent's choice falls on Marlon Brando, of whom he writes: "This page has already had reason to say of him: 'This actor's voice is like a whip-lash, and his presence as menacing as a handsome bull's' (March 22, 1952). Again, that 'he is clearly a young actor of a remarkable, almost a bovine power' (April 19, 1952). One found something to praise, too, in the ready but not quite easy skill with which he assimilated himself, portraying Mark Antony, into the texture of the Shakespearean film of 'Julius Caesar.' But now in 'On the Waterfront'—directed as on the first two of those earlier occasions by Elia Kazan—he earns high and unanimous praise for a full-dress study of ferocious power that has in it astonishing pathos and a subtlety far deeper than that of the mere animal rampant or wounded. No actor is more definitely or more assuredly 'coming'."

rhapsody of a treatment, the result would have been a film which would have delighted the whole gazing world and not have offended a single Shakespearean soul.

The even-longer-awaited American super-film, "This is Cinerama," must equally certainly be seen, or rather, experienced, by absolutely everybody.

Colloquially you might call this "a film and a half," if it were not in point of fact no fewer than three films at once—a vast concave screen having been erected at the Casino Theatre in Soho, a screen which is (all too evidently as yet) a triptych. By this one means that there are two visible vertical bars which divide the scene too palpably into three and which give anyone unhappy enough to cross them the exact and ludicrous appearance of a distorting mirror's reflection. The lady feeding the pigeons in the Piazza di San Marco at Venice, for example, will be dismayed to see herself at twice her natural width. The three scenes, or sections of the scene, do not, in short, perfectly coalesce; and even their colouring is not, to my eye, perfectly identical. These defects can obviously be remedied, and soon. But they meanwhile detract rather more than somewhat from the sensational experience, or set of experiences, provided by "This is Cinerama."

This is it. You are right away, and with a bang at the outset, in a switchback at a fun-fair, climbing and swooping and as likely as not switchback-sick within the minute. Then you are on the huge stage of the opera-house at Milan, with the chorus and corps de ballet performing the Processional Scene in "Aida" right at you. (This shows up the preposterousness of grand operatics rather markedly, and I had an irreverent hope that one of the Egyptian houris would turn into Danny Kaye at any moment.) Then you are gliding in a gondola down the Grand Canal at Venice. (This is heaven on earth, turning life for the nonchalant nonce into Chopin's Barcarolle, though it is Offenbach's far more sugary example which is being played at you.) Then you are strutting with kilted soldiers on parade on the esplanade of Edinburgh Castle. Then you are gazing upon the beginnings of a bull-fight in Spain, with all the swagger and panache, and the picadors and matadors refusing to condescend to march in step, and a bull bursting into the ring and (you feel) you are just about to be gored though the Censor spares you the remotest hint of bloodshed.

Then there is a brief interval for you to get both your breath and your bearings. Then, with an explosive burst of sunshine, you are in Florida and, willy-nilly, obliged to join in the prevailing sport of surf-riding—which lasts an intolerably long time. Then you are permitted to relax an equally long time by gazing on some young ladies dressed in Southern crinolines and looking many times larger than life. Then from this position—which is practically that of lounging in a skiff with no rowing to do—you are suddenly whisked into the air and, piloted by a dare-devil air-devil, are shown under your giddy nose the fantastic beauty of Manhattan, the glorious roar of the Niagara cataracts, the mystically endless wheat-fields of Kansas, the copper-mines of Utah, the painted deserts of California, the Colorado River and the moon-like gorges it explores in Arizona, and finally the Grand Canyon itself. All this is mightily and even exhilaratingly successful, excepting that last Wonder of the World—which as utterly refuses to yield up its magnificence



A STORY OF TERROR AND VIOLENCE IN NEW YORK'S DOCKLAND: "ON THE WATERFRONT" (COLUMBIA PICTURES), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM WITH (R. TO L.) MARLON BRANDO AS TERRY MALLOY, AND ROD STEIGER AS HIS BROTHER, CHARLEY. (LONDON PREMIERE WAS AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, ON SEPTEMBER 10. IT IS TO BE GENERALLY RELEASED ON NOVEMBER 1.)

My plain and honest conviction is that if M. Castellani had gone straight back to the original story or *novella* by Matteo Bandello (which Shakespeare himself is guessed to have done, anyhow) and had a plain prose text made from it—in Italian, in English, or in both—which he could fit to his Veronese dance

and magic to Cinerama as it does to any other kind of photography. The sheer size and depth as well as the infinite subtleties and changes of colour of the Grand Canyon simply cannot be communicated by any such artificial means. I was there, beholding it for a whole stupefied day less than a twelvemonth ago; and I know.



ESCAPING FROM A SUNKEN SUBMARINE : A MAN PHOTOGRAPHED AS HE IS EJECTED, AND RISING THROUGH THE WATER.

This astonishing photograph was taken at a demonstration at H.M.S. *Dolphin*, the submarine base at Gosport, on October 4. It illustrates the "free" escape method of leaving a sunken submarine. The man wears no breathing apparatus, but for this method it is desirable he should have an inflatable immersion suit, goggles and a nose-clip. Before entering the escape chamber, from which the occupant can eject himself, or be ejected, into the sea at depths down to 300 ft.

(there is considerable risk at this depth), he must breathe in a special mixture of nitrogen and oxygen. In our issue of August 7 we gave drawings by G. H. Davis illustrating the latest methods of escape from a sunken submarine, but this photograph shows a man actually escaping. A cylindrical tank 100 ft. high, holding over 700 tons of water, has been constructed and all new entries must undergo full escape training, and all submariners will undergo similar tests at intervals.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PRINCESS AND SAINT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"SEARCH throughout the panorama for a sign of royal Gama." We have been searching for a long time. It is, indeed, fifteen years since the last professional revival of "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant." Very properly, it returns to us at the Savoy Theatre itself, and in a new scenic display of swoop-and-whirl-and-curlicue in which James Wade, the designer, keeps "Ida" from any specific time or place. This is, as it should be, a gay-go-up, gay-go-down world from the back of beyond: it is a pity that its costumes are sometimes more garish than becoming.

A colleague began his review by saying that few people bother to-day about "The Princess," Tennyson's poem on which Gilbert based the dramatic parody from which "Princess Ida" derived. Timidly now, I raise a finger. I still read the poem, and not only for its unmatched lyrics, "The splendour falls," "Tears, idle tears," "Now sleeps the crimson petal." Certainly the substance of the tale does not matter, the business of Ida, that determined feminist, and her women's academy. Even so, many lines cling to the memory, not least of them the young Prince's

And then to bed, where half
in doze I seem'd
To float about a glimmering
night, and watch
A full sea glazed with muffled
moonlight, swell
On some dark shore just seen
that it was rich

and

jewels five-words long
That on the stretch'd fore-
finger of all Time
Sparkle for ever.

There are also unconsciously comic phrases:

a herd of boys with clamour
bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket

and

Hammering and clinking, chat-
tering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and
trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte . . .

Agreed, "The Princess" is not for all markets to-day; but it does remain an endearing poem, the work of a maker of the shining, melodious phrase. It has for me the charm of some half-forgotten, but agreeable, "folly" temple discovered at the end of a forest ride, "in the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees," or seen round the bend of a seldom-trodden path. Gilbert, in what he called his "respectful perversion" (1870), flattened the poem out into a blank-verse jest that has some still amusing lines, but which must have seemed very much funnier at a time when "The Princess" was generally read, and the Laureate was in residence at Farringford or Aldworth. Its first hearers at the Olympic Theatre, remembering the Tennysonian catechism of Psyche:

"Are you that Psyche," Florian added, "she
With whom I sang about the morning hills? . . ."

and so on, would have appreciated Hilarion's

Why, let me look.

Are you that learned little Psyche who
At school alarmed her mates because she called
A buttercup "Ranunculus bulbosus"?

That—the name of Hilarion was Gilbert's choice—reappears in the Savoy libretto fashioned from the parody when the partners were contemplating a successor to "Iolanthe." The Olympic playgoers of 1870 would have found many reminiscences at the Savoy early in January, 1884. In the libretto the blank-verse dialogue is hampering. It would have been better if Gilbert had reconsidered the plot instead of borrowing so extensively from his younger self. (He hated to waste anything.) But there are various lines that we

recognise gladly ("I never knew a more dispensing chemist"), and at the Savoy now Ann Drummond-Grant is speaking with relish the jargon in which Lady Blanche wrestles with Abstract Philosophy. My favourite passage, which always reminds me of the plot of any play by Pirandello, is an 1884 addition:

I once was Some One—and the Was Will Be.
The Present as we speak becomes the Past,
The Past repeats itself, and so is Future!
This sounds involved. It's not. It's right enough.

must wear his chain"—the first verse, at any rate—is something exceptional in light opera. And, at the Savoy, now, the numbers for Gama's sons, Arac, Guron, and Scynthius, are as engagingly mock-pompous as ever: "We are warriors three," "For a month to dwell," and the mock-Handelian "This helmet, I suppose," with the removal of helmets, cuirasses, and brassets.

No doubt "Princess Ida" belongs more to Sullivan than to Gilbert. It is a refreshment to hear the score at the Savoy, under Isidore Godfrey's direction. Many of us, I feel, were thinking less of the "empyrean heights" than of such incidental gaieties as the clanking of the three musketeers (especially Donald Adams, whose Arac would have had, I fancy, the friendliest praise from the lamented Darrell Fancourt), and that early song for Thomas Round's Hilarion, "Ida was a twelvemonth old." Victoria Sladen, from grand opera, seemed to me to be forcing the Princess. And elsewhere, now and then, it was surprising in a D'Oyly Carte company to notice a blurring of enunciation in both the sung and the spoken word. Here no one would fault Peter Pratt, whose crab-apple Gama is precisely Gilbert's King "crumpled in fitful petulance," with just a little of Tennyson's original (though one would vary the word "bland"):

crack'd and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like
a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his
cheek in lines;
A little dry old man, without
a star . . .

Even if we cannot mark this present revival alpha plus, I am sure that "Ida" will soon fit again into the repertory as though it had never been dropped. In the middle reaches of the Savoy though it is, it can make much modern work (and by writers who gibe at Gilbert-and-Sullivan) seem tame and pallid. Not every Savoy-lover takes down his Tennyson before going to "Ida." Let me suggest that your pleasure will be fortified if you glance at both the poem and the original (and not too respectful) "perversion." One passage remains more or less word-for-word in all three, the Princess's closing lines:

We will walk the world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end!
And so through those dark gates
across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I
love thee—Come!

I wish that, at the Savoy, they were spoken better.

A world lies between the plaster Ida and that pillar of faith, the girl-warrior, Joan the Maid. She has reached the Arts Theatre in a production (by John Fernald) of "Saint Joan" in which she is endowed with the peat-smoked Irish voice of Siobhan McKenna. For me this actress is not the Maid until she is set, pitifully, among her accusers at the Rouen

trial, and when she stands later in the bedchamber of the former Dauphin, a shade among other shades. Early, Miss McKenna is too Barriesque; she is an Irish Peter going out against Captain Hook rather than Joan at the gate of Orleans. It is in the Trial that she rises to a rare beauty; there, certainly, is Joan in her anguish. For that scene we can be grateful. And in the future I shall often recall the Warwick of Douglas Wilmer, suavest of foxes, and the superb Inquisitor's speech of Charles Lloyd Pack, an actor I have not yet known to fail.

Ida, Joan, Polly Peachum: the third of the dear charmers has come to Sadler's Wells in the person of Marjorie Thomas. She sings with fervour; so does James Johnston, the Macheath. But the Britten version appears always about to take fire and then to flicker back again. I wish we could have had very much more of the Theatre Manager (Walter Hudd) who, in his short opening speech, showed just what the word "style" can mean.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"PRINCESS IDA" (Savoy).—Back to the two castles—Hildebrand's and Ida's—after more than fifteen years. I have known them more excitingly peopled—there are things to grumble at—but Peter Pratt's twisted Gama and Donald Adams's black-beard Arac are each distinguished, and there is some excellent singing elsewhere: Thomas Round's Hilarion, for example. The cheerful flourish of the settings is better than some of the costumes which hardly help their wearers. (September 27; seen September 30.)

"SAINT JOAN" (Arts Theatre Club).—A highly ingenious pocket production (by John Fernald) in which the Irish actress, Siobhan McKenna, finds in the Trial scene the heart of a character that has eluded her previously. (September 29.)

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (Sadler's Wells).—Gay, Britten, and friends in a production that shoulders without taking flame. (October 4.)

"BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE" (Phoenix).—Black magic in a John van Druten comedy where the lady's not for burning. I will return to this next week. (October 5.)



"A HIGHLY INGENIOUS POCKET PRODUCTION (BY JOHN FERNALD)": "SAINT JOAN" (ARTS), SHOWING THE SCENE AT CHINON IN WHICH JOAN RECOGNISES THE DAUPHIN. THE CHARACTERS SHOWN HERE ARE (L. TO R.) COURT PAGE (TOMMY MOORE); DUNOIS' PAGE (DAVID SAIRE); CAPTAIN DE LA HIRE (JOSEPH CHELTON); ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT (KEVIN STONEY); BERTRAND DE POULENGEY (BARRY CASSIN); THE DAUPHIN (KENNETH WILLIAMS); JOAN (SIOBHAN MCKENNA); ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS (FRANK ROYDE); GILLES DE RAIS (SEYMOUR GREEN); LADY IN WAITING (BARBARA LYNNE); DUCHESSE DE LA TREMOUILLE (ROWENA INGRAM) AND MONSEIGNEUR DE LA TREMOUILLE (WILLIAM ABNEY).



BERNARD SHAW'S "SAINT JOAN" AT THE ARTS: A SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS AFTER CHARLES VII. HAS BEEN CROWNED WITH (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN DE LA HIRE (JOSEPH CHELTON); DUNOIS, BASTARD OF ORLEANS (PETER WYNGARDE); JOAN (SIOBHAN MCKENNA); THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS (FRANK ROYDE); THE DAUPHIN—NOW CHARLES VII. (KENNETH WILLIAMS) AND GILLES DE RAIS (SEYMOUR GREEN).

The lyrics of "Princess Ida" were, of course, new. Listening to them at the Savoy the other night, I realised yet again that our young librettists, revue wits, post-war phenomena, will have to go far before they can outdo the old master at whom it is fashionable to mock. Gama's "If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am," is a model of its kind. In another mood, Hilarion's "Whom thou hast chained





"LOGIC? WHY, TYRANT MAN HIMSELF ADMITS IT'S WASTE OF TIME TO ARGUE WITH A WOMAN!": PRINCESS IDA (VICTORIA SLADEN); LADY PSYCHE (MURIEL HARDING; R.); THE LADY BLANCHE (ANN DRUMMOND-GRAHAM; CENTRE) AND MELISSA (BERYL DIXON; L.).

BACK AT THE SAVOY WITH A NEW DÉCOR:
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S "PRINCESS IDA."



"BE REASSURED, NOR FEAR HIS ANGER BLIND, HIS MENACES ARE IDLE AS THE WIND . . .": PRINCESS IDA SNAPS HER FINGERS AT KING HILDEBRAND (FISHER MORGAN) IN AN EFFORT TO REASSURE HER GRADUATES.



(ABOVE.) THE PRINCES FIGHT KING GAMA'S SONS: (L. TO R.) ARAC (DONALD ADAMS); HILARION (THOMAS ROUND); SCYNTHIUS (TREVOR HILLS); CYRIL (LEONARD OSBORN); GURON (JOHN BANKS) AND FLORIAN (JEFFREY SKITCH).



"I AM A MAIDEN COYLY BLUSHING . . .": THE THREE PRINCES (L. TO R.) CYRIL (LEONARD OSBORN); HILARION (THOMAS ROUND) AND FLORIAN (JEFFREY SKITCH) DISGUISED AS "GIRL GRADUATES."

Continued. destroyed during an air raid, have been designed by Mr. James Wade. Mr. Trewin, listening to the lyrics at the Savoy, "realised yet again that our young librettists, revue wits, post-war phenomena, will have to go far before they can outdo the old master, at whom it is fashionable to mock." "Princess Ida" is based on

Photographs by Houston Rogers, reproduced by courtesy of "The Sketch."



IN THE COURTYARD OF CASTLE ADAMANT IN ACT III.: LADY BLANCHE, ARRAYED FOR BATTLE, REVIEWS THE HALBERDIER, WHO ARE TO PROVE MORE TIMID IN THE FACE OF BATTLE THAN IN THE STUDY OF ABSTRACT SCIENCE.



"WE ARE WARRIORS THREE . . .": KING GAMA'S THREE SONS (L. TO R.) GURON (JOHN BANKS); ARAC (DONALD ADAMS) AND SCYNTHIUS (TREVOR HILLS). THE SCENERY AND COSTUMES FOR THIS PRODUCTION WERE DESIGNED BY JAMES WADE.

Gilbert's dramatic parody of Tennyson's poem, "The Princess," and it is concerned with Prince Hilarion's endeavours to recover his 'plighted bride, Princess Ida, from Castle Adamant, the feminist establishment over which she reigns. There are to be further performances of "Princess Ida" on November 4, 5 and 6.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

I HAVE read all manner of stories about the colour bar and have been harrowed every time. What I had not yet read was an enchanting one. Indeed, it is the last thing you would expect; on such a theme, one can be harrowed very properly for ever—but delighted, no. Or at least not in principle; and "The White Sparrow," by John Moore (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is therefore meant as a sad story. But in effect, the spirit of delight has run away with it. No doubt this couldn't happen in Africa. Here we are by the "sylvan Wye"; and here the little "Abyssinian," Tommy Debrett, grows up as happy as the day is long.

He is a fuzzy little boy, not very dark: the child of a big, dusky seaman and a ginger slut, who did herself more credit afterwards with little Joanie. ("Aren't I lucky," she asked purringly, "it's such a white one?") There was a feeling Cholmondeley might "lay hands on her"; however, he made no comment on the white one except "Ah!"—followed by sixteen pints of beer, and by a night of song, splendidly terminating in the crash of the piano through the french windows. Next day he bought Mildred a new one; he is incorrigibly gentle, but as he says himself, "things ain't too good." Though they are no great burden on the wife, while she can draw his pay, comb Joanie's silky locks, and spend three days a week over her football pools. As for the little boy, he is just conscious of a shadow, like a summer's cloud—the rest of his life is all sunshine. He has no knowledge of being "different." He is not short of love; everyone in the village loves him; and he loves them all back, singing and shouting his head off in pure love and glee. If Mildred can't be bothered with him, he has only to climb the garden wall, and the kind Tansys will make much of him. He and their freckled Gillian play an interminable cricket on the lawn. Later, when he is big enough to explore, he has the silver Wye, and the enchanted Forest of Dean—haunt of heraldic beasts, where black-faced miners start out of the ground, and where a bosom friend drops from an oak-tree. His name is Denis Arblaster; his home is a small forest farm, rooted as continuity itself. This is what Tommy's nature craves; he can't imagine happiness without continuity. If only he and Gillian...

For of course Gillian is his first love. It is a childlike, Eden-like romance; yet it destroys the world for him. Because "suppose something should happen. . . ." Because "when it comes down to brass tacks you're only a dirty little *nigger* after all!"

We have had signs from the first. There was the bear they killed at Ruardean ("because, goodness, 'twas an unnatural animal to see walking down the street in broad daylight"). There was the white sparrow itself, always in peril, because it "hasn't got white instincts." The pathos is not tacked on; but it is just a streak of plot, in a delicious margin of embroidery.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Course of Love," by Rachel Trickett (Constable; 13s. 6d.), has an academic background; Stephen lectures on history at a provincial university, and Laura Dennis is a student of painting. She was also a favourite pupil of his sister's at Oxford; and it was through Elizabeth he got to know her. But as they met in France, far from domestic surveillance, he could begin to think of her as his own doing. Yet even so, the more she obviously felt for him, the more he secretly cooled off. Stephen is strong for independence; he doesn't like being tied, and hates, still more, feeling responsible. And so, from Laura's point of view, the job at Charborough Manor was a bad idea. Charborough is the home of Richard Gorringe, a business magnate and member of the University Council; she has been asked to catalogue his pictures—and she accepts, to be near Eastringham and Stephen.

But from that moment he is lost to her. She has become Elizabeth's Laura—someone he may be expected to do something about. Therefore, instead, he falls in love with Delia Gorringe, a romantic beauty. Laura is broken-hearted, but resigned; Elizabeth, who has been worried about her and very indignant with Stephen, trusts she will now get over it; but Elizabeth's much cooler husband favours a happy ending. In the quietest way, he draws old Gorringe's attention to the courtship. Which is enough to spoil the fun, and secure Laura a fresh innings.

The theme is perhaps over-delicate; one may grow tired of keeping up with small emotional vicissitudes for so long at a time. But they are nicely felt, and exquisitely rendered.

"On the Verandah," by Jean Ross (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), is in a bolder, and indeed apocalyptic strain. Its theme is that psychiatrists are of the Devil. At least, so they appear to Margaret Robertson, a bespectacled and religious young widow, living at Fairglass, in the north of Scotland, hard by a vipers' nest. Nor is her indignation without cause. Her brother was a patient at Oakwells; they discharged him cured, and he committed suicide within a week. Ever since then, Margaret has burned to show them up; and now their offer of a temporary job opens the way. Though they are very powerful, she reflects, "They have a tremendous advantage over open and confessed Satanists..."

Oakwells is certainly a queer establishment. Everyone there is miserable and getting worse; they lie about on the verandah like T.B. patients, and die or commit suicide at every turn. Clearly, the next will be a remorse-ridden young girl; though she is pulled through for a time by Dr. Argo, a good though blinded giant, who thinks he can do everything by his own strength. . . . Then the apocalyptic vein begins.

"Ladies' Bane," by Patricia Wentworth (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), starts in a London fog—when Irene Muir falls down some area steps, hears a rich, rolling voice talking of murder, and, shortly afterwards, collides with a young architect named Severn. She is on the eve of a long-postponed visit to her married sister, at a beautiful little fourteenth-century manor-house known locally as "Ladies' Bane." Geoffrey is mad to buy it, if he can get Allegra's money out of the trustees. But it gives Irene the creeps; as for Allegra, she is a pale, pinched little ghost, and "not taking much interest." Then comes a violent death. . . . Not quite the author's peak; but incidented and agreeable as usual.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

I REMEMBER Mr. Laurence Whistler, the author of "The Imagination of Vanbrugh and his Fellow Artists" (Batsford; 73s. 6d.), as a very young schoolboy—already, at the age of fifteen, deeply influenced by his brilliant elder brother, the late Rex Whistler (Oh, the futile wastage of war!). For a Whistler to have been educated at Stowe was to pile a Pelion of opportunity on an Ossa of natural inclination. In that lovely building, in those beautiful grounds, the original foundations of this fine book (if I am not mistaken) must have been laid. Vanbrugh, the supreme eighteenth-century all-rounder in an age as yet unbedevilled by the specialist, is perhaps also the supreme exponent of the great English country house as an art form. Moreover, he straddles the great age of English building from his master Christopher Wren to his followers, such as Nicholas Hawksmoor. Not the least interesting part of this book is the analysis of the interaction of the work of Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor. But the other artists with whom he came in contact, or whom he influenced, are also there—Gibbs, Talman and Morris among the architects, and Bridgeman, Kent, Wise, London and Switzer among the garden designers. Mr. Whistler most interestingly analyses the part played in garden design by Vanbrugh. To my mind it is clear that in, as I say, a non-specialist age, the designs of the architect must have overlapped with or encroached on those of the gardener. It is known, for example, that Vanbrugh chose the site of Blenheim with an eye to the landscape garden into which the palace so admirably fits. Just as the Court portrait painters under the Tudors were expected to turn their hands to anything from furniture design to interior decoration, so one cannot imagine Vanbrugh confining himself to a strict departmentalised view of his functions as an architect. Although his contemporaries gave him very little credit as a designer of gardens, it is clear that he was not merely in sympathy with, but a powerful influence on, the movement which altered the whole style of British gardening in the grand manner.

Naturally, Vanbrugh had his enemies and detractors at the time. This is not surprising. The man who could stand up to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, over Blenheim and get at any rate some change out of that formidable opponent, was not a man to be noted for his pliability. Among the many hitherto unpublished documents and drawings which Mr. Whistler has assembled for our delectation is the fascinating story of the Woodstock election in 1712, where poor Vanbrugh suffered, as many others have suffered since, from an unfortunate mistake. His letter to the Mayor of Woodstock urging him to use his influence to return the Blenheim candidates, and in which he gave vent to some strong views about his then employer, Lord Oxford, unfortunately went, not to the Mayor, but to a gentleman of the name of Major. As the Duchess recorded: "The cause of his Misfortune when he was put out of one Place, proceeded purely from his want of good Spelling, in directing a Letter that he design'd for the Mayor of Woodstock, who was a Friend, and it was carried to one Major by which means my Ld Oxford was acquainted with it." Poor Vanbrugh!—and what an admirable moral tale to impress upon the young in this age of scrawls and scribbles! A notable book, and an admirable contribution, not merely to the history of eighteenth-century architecture, but to our knowledge of that age of which that architecture was such an admirable expression.

Venice has been perhaps a little overwritten, and yet there is always something more to be said about that loveliest of cities. I am sorry that Mr. Edward Hutton, in "Venice and Venetia" (Hollis and Carter; 21s.), strikes a gloomy note. "Like a vast stranded galleon sinking into the mud and ooze of the lagoon, she is vanishing from our earth in the sea distance and the lapsing tides. Glorified by our dreams and the smouldering tragic sunsets she is slowly disappearing beyond the remotest of horizons. Through those marvellous waterways the wet sea wind passes like an old forgotten melody and is lost in the desolate waters, in the white foam mist of the sea. Gradually he, her immortal lover, is gathering her into his embrace; soon he will cleanse her from all the abominations we have made her suffer. She was too beautiful for our little day; therefore he will surround her with his inviolable silence, his immaculate purity, his everlasting strength." One can only hope that he is as pessimistic as his passages are purple, though anyone who knows Venice and who has long been concerned as to the effects of modern water transport, and who has been told of the decay of the piles of white poplar wood driven into the mud, may come to the conclusion that Mr. Hutton does not overstate his case. For those who live for the moment (and like to live in the past) Venice is still incomparable, and Mr. Hutton's pleasantly discursive book is surely a "must" for the traveller making his or her first visit and for those who wish to refresh their memories of that enchanted spot.

Mr. Gordon Logie, the author of "The Urban Scene" (Faber and Faber; 42s.), uses as an introductory photograph—one of so many and all so attractive—St. Mark's Piazza in Venice. As the title of the book suggests, it deals exclusively with cities and towns. But in spite of the somewhat formidable title, it nevertheless treats bricks and mortar, roadways and squares, as the back-cloth to our individual human existence. For those who wish to see with the eye of an architect the dissection of our urban life, this book should be eminently satisfying. For the general reader its attractions, whether photographic or textual, should have the further stimulation of an unusual approach.

Photography has, of course, completely ousted the tradition of topographical painting, and, as Mr. R. O. Dunlop points out in "Landscape Painting" (Seeley Service; 35s.), the days when every educated young lady was a more or less accomplished landscape painter are gone. Nevertheless, as Sir Winston Churchill has so notably demonstrated, landscape painting remains a source of pleasure and satisfaction for the amateur as well as the professional artist. Mr. Dunlop's history of the art incorporates valuable instructions on "how to do it" which will make the reader feel that even if he can never paint like Constable—or like Mr. Dunlop himself—it is certainly well worth trying.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



If it's a matter of how to
fasten one thing to another

... get in touch with **G K N**

GUEST KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS (MIDLANDS) LIMITED

BOLT & NUT DIVISION: ATLAS WORKS, DARLASTON, S. STAFFS. PHONE: DARLASTON 28

SCREW DIVISION: BOX 24, HEATH STREET, BIRMINGHAM 18. PHONE: SMETHWICK 1441

What you'll be wearing in 1957

Let's be realistic about overcoats. With most men it's a once in three years purchase. To meet this need we have selected traditional materials and tailored them in contemporary styles. In tweeds and saxonies, in greys, browns and blues, in double and single breasted, we have a display of overcoats any one of which will keep you well turned out for at least three winters.

They are priced from 14 to 24 gns. and it will be a pleasure to help you on with any number of them until you find the one that fits and suits you perfectly. Seen here is a single-breasted coat in West of England Saxony, with inset sleeves and straight back. Years of smart snugness for 19 gns.

AUSTIN REED
Of Regent Street

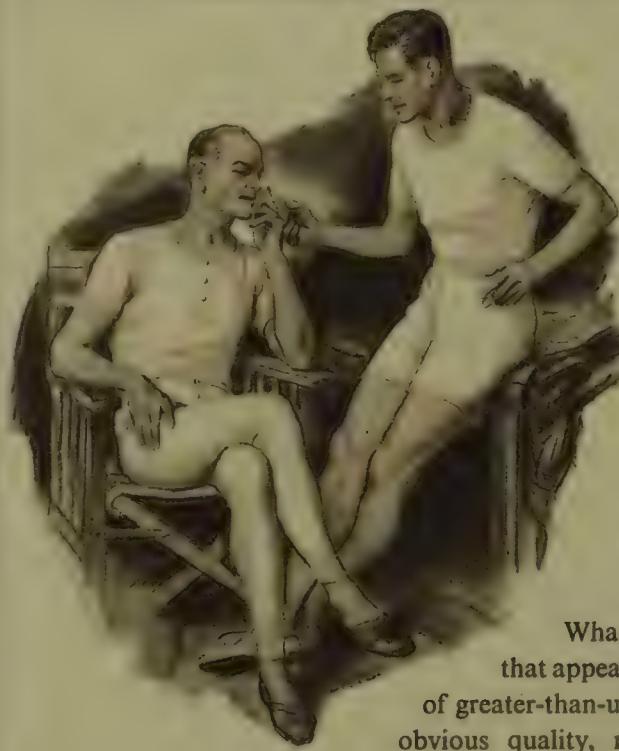
LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES



When the meal's an occasion ...

*make friends
with
Martell*
CORDON BLEU

A fine liqueur brandy



*for
critical
men*

What is it about Chilprufe that appeals so much to the man of greater-than-usual discernment? Its obvious quality, naturally—there's no mistaking it. But more than the superb finish, the lasting fit, and agreeable smoothness, is the protection of Chilprufe's finest Pure Wool Underwear. A man can live a full life when he enjoys Chilprufe's all-weather comfort and health-safety.



Chilprufe
for men

Ask your Chilprufe Agent or write
for ILLUSTRATED FOLDER.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

An Outstanding Advance

It will not surprise any of the countless Gillette shavers, that Gillette should introduce a shaving cream. Indeed, the only thing that might occasion surprise is that they should not have done so before. Only after years of research were formulas evolved which measure up to the exacting standards they have set. Today Gillette bring to your notice their new Shaving Creams—lather or brushless—confident that here is a major achievement worthy of the Blue Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor.

and the kitchen is by...

PAUL

A good house that is built to last is worthy of a PAUL Kitchen - a kitchen that will wear just as well as your house.

PAUL Kitchen Units are built entirely from the finest quality Stainless Steel and Aluminium - the sinks are sound-deadened and the Aluminium cabinets are stoved with an enamel that will never flake or peel.

PAUL Units are fully guaranteed *transports* and carry the British Good Housekeeping guarantee of replacement.

* Please send for our catalogue and kitchen planning chart or visit our London Showrooms at 7, Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, W.1

Kitchen Equipment
W. H. PAUL LTD BREASTON - DERBY

Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by

Horrockses

the Greatest Name in Cotton

Charming and functional

The Belling Medieval Fire is a product of traditional English craftsmanship combined with modern engineering skill. Whether your home is antique or contemporary in style, it will provide that indefinable atmosphere of cosiness which only an open fire can give—and without the waste of misdirected heat or the labour of dirty hearths.

With coal effect: £15.14.4 inc. tax • With logs effect: £18.9.0 inc. tax

This is only one of our extensive range of up-to-date heating appliances, obtainable through every Electrical Shop and Showroom.

Write to Belling & Co. Ltd., Bridge Works, Enfield, Middx., for our 64-page Catalogue, illustrating Belling Electric Fires, Cookers and other appliances for the Home.

You can't beat a "Belling"

CRG 147

THE ONE AND ONLY
Bénédictine

B and B Liqueur
BÉNÉDICTINE CACHET OR
Bénédictine blended with
Cognac Brandy

Bottled & matured at Fécamp
thus ensuring perfect uniformity
and unsurpassed quality

La Grande Liqueur Française

EST
1790*The King
of Whiskies*

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SANDEMAN
SCOTCH
WHISKY

Blended in Edinburgh from
specially selected fine whiskies
under the same family pro-
prietorship since 1790.

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD
25 & 27 Forth Street,
EDINBURGH

**STOP this
heartless traffic
in MYXOMATOSIS !**



STOP the deliberate spreading of MYXOMATOSIS ! Victims of this hor-
rible disease - blind, misshapen, tormented — are being caught for sale as carriers, to
be let loose in infection-free areas. Effec-
tive rabbit-control can be maintained by
humane methods ; myxomatosis kills only
after intense, prolonged pain and misery.
Nothing can justify this callous en-
couragement of animal suffering, and the R.S.P.C.A. appeals for your moral
and material support in demanding an
immediate legal ban. Volunteers in
infected areas, who must be expert
shots, apply please, to the Chief
Secretary, R.S.P.C.A. (Dept. ILN.) 105
Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1 or to
the nearest R.S.P.C.A. Inspector.

R S P C A

Remember the

Aquascutum
OF LONDON



**A "check-back" coat keeps you
doubly warm !**

Aquascutum's "Check-Back" coat is wonderfully warm. Its secret is that it is made of two cloths woven together, giving far greater warmth than a single material, yet it is not unduly heavy or bulky.

Both cloths are made of the finest Scottish pure wool. For the out-
side there is a choice of herringbone designs in greys, blues and browns.
The reverse cloth is patterned in a variety of richly-coloured checks,
either block checks or houndstooth, that add a
touch of brightness.

The "Check-Back" is in classic, single-
breasted style. It has patch-pockets and gaunt-
let cuffs and costs 26 guineas. Other warm winter
overcoats are from 19 guineas.

Write for illustrated catalogue to Dept. 9 B,
Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street, London, W.1.

AQUASCUTUM
LONDON :
100 Regent Street
MANCHESTER :
25 St. Ann's Square
LIVERPOOL :
50 Bold Street
And at the best shops
throughout the country



Champagne — for the gracious way of Life

Whilst it is agreeable to know that Dry Monopole Champagne continues to maintain world-wide popularity wherever good taste and pleasure meet, it is particularly heartening to learn that Dry Monopole is still accorded the highest esteem by those hosts and hostesses whose guests—diverse in character and conversation though they may be—are united in a sense of values and the possession of a finely discriminating taste.

Champagne Dry Monopole

SWISS & BROWNEYS & HALLOWES LTD • SUFFOLK HOUSE • 3 LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL • LONDON • E.C.4

**"IT'S A
WINNER!"**

WRITES BRIG.-GEN. B.

Our suit-copying service is winning success for three reasons : It saves the fuss and bother of fit-ons. The prices are economical. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

PRICES FROM

£10.5.0

WRITE FOR PATTERNS AND PARTICULARS TODAY

REDMAYNE

7 WIGTON CUMBERLAND
(Good Tailors by TESTIMONIAL)



'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

30 Tablets 1/4s • 75 Tablets 2/9 • 150 Tablets 4/9

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.



 A sherry that is sheer delight

A perfect gift to the most critical palate, Pintail is an exceptionally fine sherry, both pale and beautifully dry. Specially selected at Jerez, this proud product of Spain is available in a trial pack of two bottles at 42/7d; subsequent supplies at £12 per dozen bottles. Your orders will have prompt attention.



Pintail



SHERRY

Established 1800

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON LTD, PERTH, SCOTLAND



I love
APRY

*the liqueur of
the Apricot*

MARIE BRIZARD

*who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-
liqueur of the mint!*



SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES

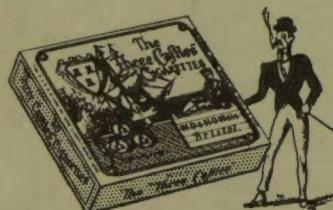


A GENEROUS GESTURE

"WHAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND SMYTHE, THAT YOU DON'T SPEAK?"
"HAW! FACT IS, WE WERE BOTH WIVALS FOR THE HAND OF A CELEBWRATED BEAUTY!—AND—WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BWAG, BUT I GOT THE BEST OF IT."

"MY DEAR FELLOW, A THOUSAND CONGRATULATIONS!"

"THANKS AWF'LY! WE BOTH PWOPOSED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW, AND SHE ACCEPTED—A—HIM!"



20 for 3/1d.

THE "THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
for The Quality

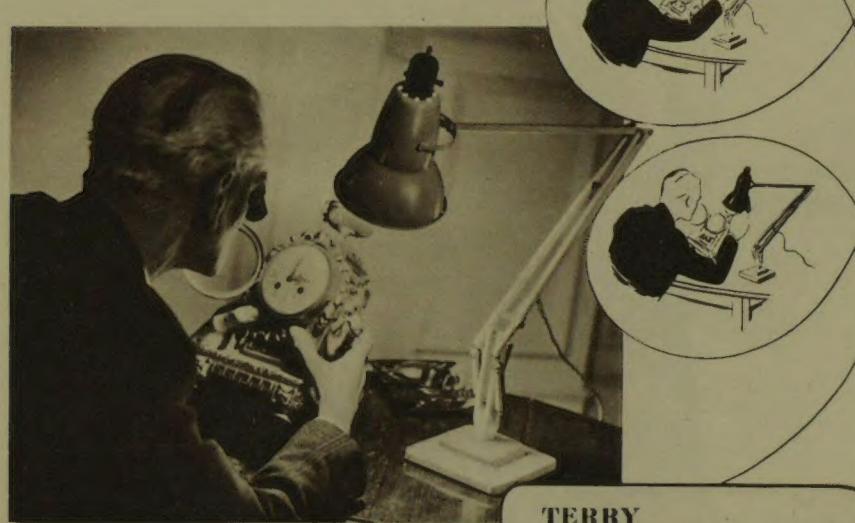
W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

T1274H

[Doubtless considering himself to be the most Fortunate and Generous of Mortals, our Young Gentleman thereupon gives further Proof of his Magnanimity by proffering one of his precious "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes—the Partaking of which is truly calculated to enhance the Enjoyment of any Singular Occasion.

It's always been

LIGHT...
RIGHT WHERE
YOU WANT IT



TERRY
Anglepoise
Regd.
LAMP

Collector and connoisseur cannot take chances and that makes ANGLEPOISE as essential as the high-powered magnifying glass. Its searching beam shows every detail in high relief. For leisure's use its adjustability makes it a 'must' for reading and writing in perfect comfort.

In Black or Cream or Cream-and-Gold from 94/8d. all electricians and stores or send for Booklet 11.

*"It moves in
the right circles"*

Sole Makers : HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, WORCS

T1274H

"...and one for the HOME!"



There is only
one **BEST**

Choose
BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.

Bottle 33/9 · Half Bottle 17/7 · Quart. Bottle 9/2 · Miniature 3/7



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERS
LIMITED

DR. BARNARDO'S
HOMES

Still dependent on Voluntary
Gifts and Legacies



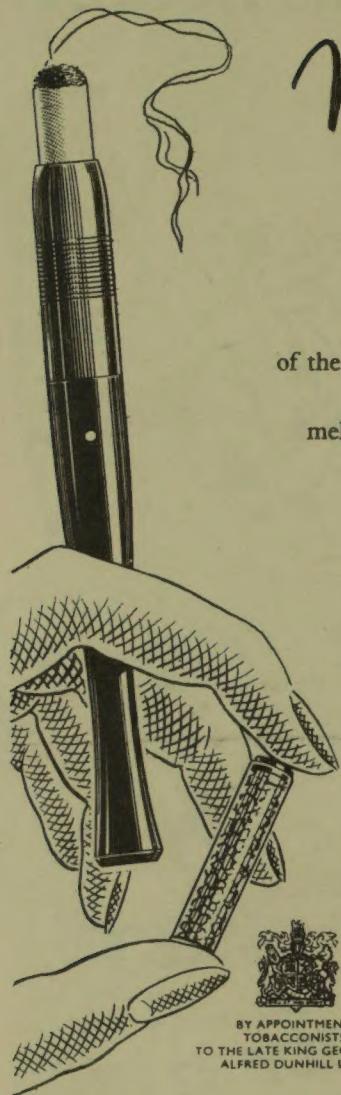
In these Homes, 7,000 children are being maintained, educated and trained for careers.

Please help by Gift.

10/-

would help to feed our family.

Cheques, etc. (crossed); payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 92 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



More and more people...

are discovering the amazing properties of the Dunhill crystal filter which not only effectively filters the smoke but cools and mellows it—adding infinitely to your enjoyment. With black or coloured mouthpieces.

Silvium 17/6 Goldium 25/-



DE NICOTEA
CRYSTAL FILTER
HOLDER

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
ALFRED DUNHILL LTD.

ALFRED DUNHILL LTD.,
30 DUKE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
Renowned for pipes, lighters, cigarettes and tobaccos

Choosing your Brandy

V.S.O.P

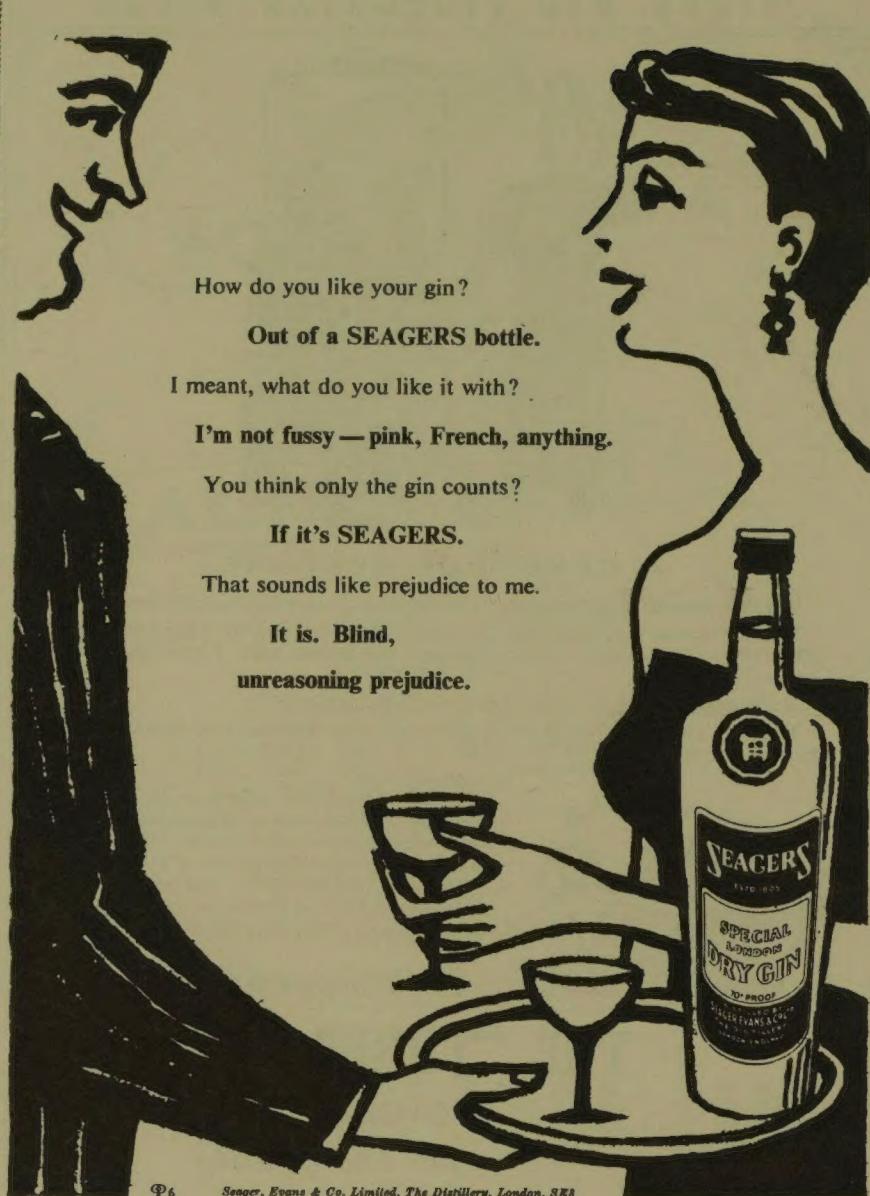


Lovers of good brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the best two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces *only* cognac of this superior quality.

VSOP . VSOP . VSOP . VSOP

REMY MARTIN
Pride of Cognac

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



How do you like your gin?

Out of a SEAGERS bottle.

I meant, what do you like it with?

I'm not fussy — pink, French, anything.

You think only the gin counts?

If it's SEAGERS.

That sounds like prejudice to me.

It is. Blind,

unreasoning prejudice.

©6 Seager, Evans & Co. Limited, The Distillery, London, SE8



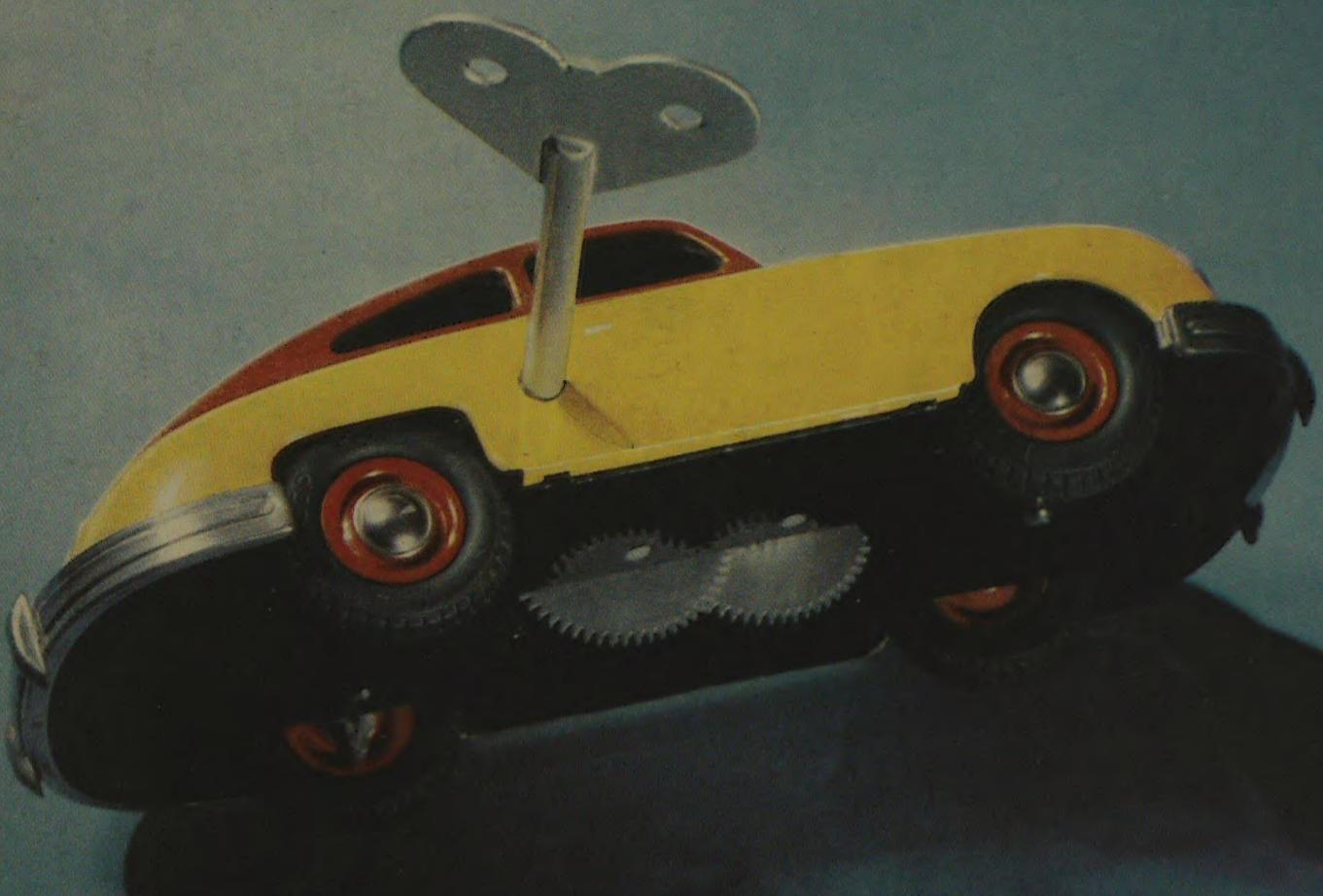
... for men with women to please

Driway have created the Monarch weathercoat, admired by women for its immaculate cut and valued by men for its effective all-weather protection. Monarch and other weathercoats by Driway can be bought at leading shops in all towns.

... always in good taste



DRIWAY RAINCOATS LTD., DRIWAY HOUSE, WATER LANE, LEEDS 11



TRANSPORT TAKES MANY FORMS

DUNLOP

*makes things better
for everyone*

Even today, with space ships on the drawing board, the fact remains that except by sea you still can't get very far without wheels. Picture a world without wheels, a world without pneumatic tyres. To do so is to appreciate the surprising extent to which the Dunlop invention of air-filled tyres (and their extensive development by Dunlop ever since) has helped to change the face of the earth in less than a century.



Madam will you walk...?

Walk? Too warm Or Swim? Too lazy

See a film then? I want to see the sun set on the water

A deck chair in the shade—That's better And a cool, cool drink—Better still

And dance in the evening? You have a way with you Not me, dear lady. Cunard.

They have all the answers to jaded

mentalities and lethargic limbs

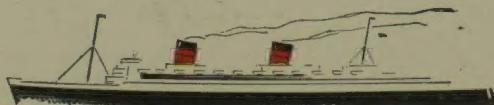
. Do sit still. You're

making me feel energetic.

Cunard

—gracious living at its best

For full information apply: Head Office, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3 (Liverpool Central 9201) 15 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7890) 88 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3 (Avenue 3010) or any local travel agent.



THE "QUEENS" — WORLD'S LARGEST LINERS